WARMING UP FOR WATERGATE **JOSEPH C. GOULDEN**

THE
NATION

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MAY 25 '78

New Light on
THE HISS CASE

A Trial Lawyer Visits the Maryland Department of Motor Vehicles and an Old House in Brooklyn to Expose Additional Flaws in the Show Trial that Launched Richard Nixon on His National Career

RAYMOND A. WERCHEN & FRED J. COOK

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LETTERS

did we slip?

Johnstown, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Assigning Lee Ewing of the *Army Times* to review Anthony Herbert's *Soldier* [*The Nation*, Apr. 9] is like assigning a staff writer from *Osservatore Romano* to evaluate a Paul Blanshard book. The main error that Ewing makes is when he says, two-thirds of the way through his article, "that, in essence, is Herbert's story," since up to that point all he has given is the Army's story. . . . I don't expect *The Nation* to be party-line liberal, but neither do I believe it should become an outlet for Army propaganda.

I must add that rarely does *The Nation* falter. In an insane political and social climate, *The Nation* always shows the intelligence and courage that the rest of the press usually lacks.

James Scofield

East-West trade-offs

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Harold J. Berman incorrectly suggests that trade relations enjoy some protected and neutral status in the broader panorama of relationships among nations ["East-West Trade: Business Before Pleasure," *The Nation*, May 14].

More realistically, international relations is a political bargaining process [involving] . . . a series of trade-offs, pulls and pushes, gives and takes, debits and credits, in which the participants legitimately employ whatever resources are available to advance their respective positions, preferably under peaceful conditions. . . . There is no segregation of resources, whether political, economic, ideological or other, nor limitation on the objects for which any might be used.

In the case of Soviet-American trade, there is little we want at present from them, but much they want from us. . . . It is entirely legitimate, therefore, that we seek benefits in another sphere to reciprocate the economic advantages they seek from us. It is to our credit that, in the bargaining process now under way, majorities in the House and Senate seek a political benefit not for America alone but one of universal character. Thus the Jackson amendment seeks a trade-off between commercial advantages and human rights, and envisions the use of American economic power to catalyze the process.

[Says] Professor Berman ". . . The Soviets argue, with some force, that nondiscriminatory treatment in trade relations . . . has become a principle of international law." I would argue that the right of human beings to migrate has become an equally valid principle of international law. This right is expressed in the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, which was unanimously adopted.

Elihu Bergman
Harvard Center for Population Studies

the Davids and the multinationals

Toronto, Canada

DEAR SIRS: Robert Sherrill's "The Multinationals Deploy to Rule" [*The Nation*, Apr. 16] ends on a somewhat ambiguous note, implying that they may be an irresistible industrial force before which all nations must cringe. This pessimism is hardly justified by the facts. The Arab nations have negotiated 25 per cent ownership of the foreign oil affiliates operating on their territory, and 51 per cent by 1982. Venezuela has proclaimed that it will not renew the oil leases held by foreign firms when they expire in 1983,

(Continued on page 691)

EDITORIALS

'A Great Partial Victory'

For aptness and brevity it would be difficult to improve on Daniel Ellsberg's characterization of Judge Byrne's dismissal of all charges in the Pentagon Papers trial as "a great partial victory." It was partial in the sense that important issues were left unresolved and that Judge Byrne did not direct the jury to acquit the defendants. Nevertheless it was great, if partial. Earlier, the Nixon Administration's frantic efforts to suppress publication of the papers was defeated in the courts. Now those responsible for getting the papers to the public via the press are free, and they cannot be punished or penalized in the future. The defense brilliantly demonstrated that publication of the papers did not in any way jeopardize "national security" and was, indeed, in the public interest. A directed verdict could have been based only on facts brought out at the trial and would have required an extended analysis of these facts and of the law by Judge Byrne. Since he had decided to dismiss the case for other reasons, the effort did not seem worth while. A sound principle of judicial economy has always been to decide no more than is necessary. Commenting on the decision to dismiss all charges, Leonard Boudin said that it was "appropriate, necessary, eloquent, justified and dispositive" and that, too, is an excellent brief statement.

The eighty-nine-day trial, which cost the government and the defense a pretty penny, served several important public purposes, even if, as Judge Byrne said, it left in the end "more questions than answers." Among other things, it became in effect a nationally staged symposium not merely on the background of the war but on the decision-making process as exemplified by successive administrations. It was basically a political trial, initiated as part of the Administration's attempt to buy time for "Vietnamization" and to blur the moral and constitutional issues of the war in an election year. Therefore it should be another object lesson on the risks of such trials. The main risk, for the initiators, is that the political issue may be decided against them. In this case, the "verdict" went against the government.

Of even greater importance was the way in which the trial demonstrated the utter lawlessness of this "law-and-order" Administration and the wicked consequences that flow from "politicalization" of the judicial process. Watergate West—and East—were attempts to subvert both the electoral and the judicial process. Lawless acts were justified in the name of "national security," as in Vietnam. The President personally ordered the White House investigation of "leaks" and that resulted in the break-in at the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Efforts were made, at the highest levels, to keep FBI reports from the trial judge. Throughout the trial, the government sought to conceal exculpatory materials despite constant prodding by Judge Byrne and some direct rebukes. Judge Byrne put it tersely: "The totality of circumstances . . . offend a sense of justice."

The President is clearly responsible for the crude ef-

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torts the Administration made to intervene in the trial. It was the President and Ehrlichman, both lawyers, at least by training, who dangled the bait of the FBI directorship before Judge Byrne while this highly sensitive political trial was in process. Judge Byrne might have been better advised if he had declined to meet with them until after the trial; he must have known what they wanted to talk to him about, since he had been prominently mentioned for the post. He was also a bit slow to report the offer and has not yet explained his second meeting with Ehrlichman. But the onus rests on the President. A person who offers a bribe is certainly more culpable than the person who rejects it and, somewhat later, makes public disclosure of the offer. This incident alone is enough to make one wonder, as Joseph Welch did about Joe McCarthy, whether the President is a man devoid of decency. What started out as a punitive man-hunting expedition by the Administration ended with the humiliation of the President, the FBI, the CIA and the Department of Justice.

Credit for the "great partial victory" in Los Angeles should be parceled out to many, including the defendants, their friends and supporters, their counsel, and the press which, by and large, reported the trial fully and fairly. But in *The Nation*'s view, Leonard Boudin's name should head the list. Mr. Boudin, like his uncle the late Louis Boudin, is a lawyer's lawyer. The scorecard of cases which he and his associate Victor Rabinowitz have argued and won in the courts marks them as among the finest constitutional lawyers of our time. Of recent years Mr. Boudin has had more than his share of physical aches and pains and harassing personal problems. The strain of this long trial seemed at times to be more than he could sustain; at one point a recess was called so that his heart pacemaker might better do its work. Yet Mr. Boudin's performance at the Ellsberg trial may well mark the high point in a brilliant career at the bar. Lawyers like Leonard Boudin give meaning to "due process" and "equal protection" and the other constitutional guarantees.

In, Over or from Offshore

It is just possible that the Congress, which for ten years has been eating out of the Presidential hand, may finally call the turn on the President's abuse of his powers in bombing Cambodia, and his other usurpations. The Watergate scandal or, more accurately, succession of scandals, has emboldened the traditionally hawkish House of Representatives to vote, 219 to 188, to block the transfer of defense funds to finance the continued bombing. The importance of the action was not lost on the Republican leadership. House Minority Leader Gerald Ford had exhorted his minions in caucus: "If we lose . . . the vote will be taken as a signal of weakness all around the world. . . . This is not the time for the President to take another blow." After the vote he cried in anguish, "The House, which had a track record of strength and firmness, is now cringing and crumbling." His estimate of the situation was precisely upside down —Republican defections had defeated him, and for al-

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most the first time in a decade the House had behaved like a responsible legislative body.

The Senate, normally the more enlightened branch, is likely to take similar action. The Senate Appropriations Committee voted 24 to 0 against further American involvement in Cambodia. It is a long time since that conservative-minded committee has denied the Pentagon anything it asked for; certainly, a unanimous rebuff is unprecedented. Again Watergate is a factor, but the Administration had a weak case to begin with. Secretary of State Rogers assured the Congress on May 13, 1970 that "we don't intend to become involved militarily in the support of the Lon Nol government, or any other [Cambodian] government." Even Administration officials have conceded that the conflict in Cambodia is a civil war, with the North Vietnamese playing a minor role as advisers to the insurgents. "It is a sad thing," *The Washington Post* comments editorially, "to see a former Attorney General proceeding as though the legality and constitutionality of the proposal he is trying to sell were of no account."

The bombing in Cambodia is as futile as it is illegal. The conflict is little more than a war between the insurgents on the ground and American air power. For the most part, the Lon Nol forces don't want to fight and have no reason to fight. They will advance only when American aircraft have bombed out an insurgent position. The government losses claimed by Lon Nol's press agents call to mind the Thieu regime's body counts in South Vietnam preceding the American ground withdrawal, and their present enumeration of North Vietnamese and Vietcong truce violations. Yet the Pentagon admits that between January 27 and April 30 it spent more than $250 million for bombing Laos and Cambodia. In Cambodia alone, up to April 30, more than 12,000 sorties were flown and almost 83,000 tons of ordnance dropped. H. D. S. Greenway, of the Toronto *Star*, reporting from the scene (May 9), estimates that losses among the civilian population are running as high as ten times those of government soldiers killed or wounded in combat. By conservative estimate, some 700 Cambodian civilians are killed each week by American bombing.

Before Sihanouk was ousted, with American ground and air power playing a primary role, the North Vietnamese held a few small enclaves on the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border and Cambodia was at peace. If any sense, whether military or moral, were left in the Nixon Administration, we would jettison Lon Nol—he is tottering anyway—by simply stopping the bombing and allowing Sihanouk to return.

In Congress the war and anti-war sides are lining up for a showdown. Nixon's supporters can no longer plead that the bombing is "protecting our troops"—they are in Thailand now, or back in the States. All the Administration can do is stall for time, pending the Memorial Day recess. The argument is that to stop the bombing would be to deprive Mr. Kissinger of "bargaining chips" in his current talks with Le Duc Tho. The anti-war forces, on the other hand, would like quick action in the Senate on the Case-Church amendment to a State Department budget authorization bill, which would impose a Congressional mandate that no appropriations, "past or future," could be used "to finance the involvement of U.S. military forces in or over, or from off the shores of North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia, unless specifically authorized hereafter by the Congress." This uncompromising language passed the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on May 14 by a vote of 13 to 3. If it should pass the Senate and the House should concur, Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger would probably halt the bombing, rather than press for a showdown in a constitutional crisis.

It is encouraging to note that some members of the Congress have learned from recent history. Thus Rep. Robert Leggett (D., Calif.), speaking against a measure intended to give the Nixon forces a breathing spell, referred to it as "a Gulf of Tonkin-type resolution, because we have found in the past that the courts have determined that this Congress, while having the power to declare war, can declare war indirectly by appropriating and authorizing funds for clandestine operations around the world, and that is exactly what happened in Southeast Asia." Concurring, Rep. Ralph Metcalfe (D., Ill.) alluded to the role of the Department of Defense in bringing about a situation "that would indicate that the Department . . . will follow through on the intent of the law only if it conforms with the intentions of the DOD and their military objectives abroad. . . ."

The corollary is plain. What is at stake is not only the bombing of Cambodia but the responsibility of the Congress in permitting the White House to become an independent power center, and in the further sense that it has exercised this power through a huge semi-autonomous military establishment with interests of its own, and now well on the way to becoming virtually free of the traditional subordination of the military to the civilian authority. Of course an administration of the Nixon type does not see this as a problem, but what should concern the Congress is the outcome of a possible future confrontation between a peaceably disposed executive and an overgrown, chauvinistic military establishment.

Remembering Kent State

Those members of the Congress who are not mere hack politicians, impassioned only by the desire for re-election, must look to the past as well as the present and the future. The tragedy of Cambodia spans all three, but what many have forgotten is that the Nixon-ordered "incursion" was the direct cause of another tragedy—the Ohio National Guard massacre at Kent State University on May 4, 1970. On the third anniversary, sixty-five Kent State students marched 2 miles from the Kent downtown area to the university commons in a memorial procession. A meager tribute—nearly 20,000 students are enrolled—but better than none at all.

As the Watergate revelations have contributed to an understanding of the Nixon cabal and the character of the President, so they help to clarify the Kent State aftermath. Mr. Nixon expressed his sadness at the killings and woundings, but added that "when dissent turns to violence it invites tragedy."

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The equating of the violence of the students, such as it was, with the violence of the Guardsmen, tells us something about the President of which a good many people were aware, but which apparently meant nothing to average Americans, and which some actually found admirable. He was self-righteous, he lacked compassion, nothing concerned him very much unless it presented a political threat—and the murders at Kent State did not. And none of this has changed.

Then, consider the Attorney General of that day—John Mitchell, now under indictment for sundry offenses. The Scranton Commission did a cursory job of investigation, because the Justice Department gave its members to understand that there would be a federal grand jury probe. Mr. Mitchell agreed with the commission's conclusion that the shootings were "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable," a conclusion which was in general confirmed by an FBI report. But he refused to submit the issue to a federal grand jury, ostensibly on the ground that the Guardsmen could at best be convicted only of misdemeanor which would probably be reversed on appeal. The real reason for inaction, one suspects, was that the Administration had nothing to gain, and something to lose, by further revelations. The country was already divided by the Cambodian "incursion," and Mr. Nixon preferred a quick cover-up, just as he, or his closest aides, preferred a cover-up in the Watergate situation. They had the best of reasons, as we now know.

What now? If Elliot Richardson is confirmed as Attorney General will he consent to review the case? It is hardly likely; three years have passed, and Mr. Nixon is still President. However, 50,000 names have been submitted on petitions to the Justice Department, asking for a federal review; the parents of the slain students are still pleading for justice, and the anniversary was marked by speeches in Congress by Rep. John F. Seiberling (D., Ohio), Rep. Charles B. Rangel (D., N.Y.), Rep. William S. Moorhead (D., Pa.), Rep. Ralph Metcalfe (D., Ill.) and Senator Kennedy. Mr. Seiberling pointed out that Attorney General Mitchell had advanced no substantive reasons for denying a federal grand jury investigation, and argued that the people of this country "are entitled, especially in situations as serious and as crucial as the Kent State tragedy, to have the normal processes of law applied to all cases of suspected violations of the law, or they are entitled to full explanation from the responsible officials as to why the normal procedures have not been followed."

Is it too much to expect that Messrs. Ruckelshaus and Richardson will bestir themselves, impanel a grand jury, and once and for all establish responsibility for the horror of that spring day in 1970?

The Fly-by

Once again, Senator Proxmire is spoiling the joys of the brass. Since there are 375 major generals in the Army, Air Force and Marines, you would expect, when one of them retires, a decent little ceremony involving a few platoons and some handshakes. Mr. Proxmire informs us otherwise. An orders booklet covering such occasions calls for a cocktail party and banquet, followed the next day with a retirement and change-of-command ceremony, a parade, an aerial review and a reception. In a recent and typical Air Force retirement of a two-star general the fly-by consisted of twelve F-106s and sixteen F-101s, F-104s, B-57s and T-33s. Both the parade and the fly-by had to be rehearsed "to insure," according to the official booklet, "the ceremonies are safely and successfully accomplished." It costs the taxpayers thousands or tens of thousands of dollars to retire a mere major general in this style, and often he is merely switching over to a cushy job in the defense industry.

How Safe Is Tap Water?

As far back as ancient Rome, a plentiful supply of pure water has been recognized as one of the requisites of civilization. Today, we all know that most of our streams and lakes are polluted, but we have assumed that water coming out of a faucet was safe. In a long *New York Times* survey (May 13), Gladwin Hill shows that this is misplaced confidence.

The recent Miami Beach scare was unusual only in that it attracted national attention. The underlying reason for it was false economy. The problem was solved, at least temporarily, when the Air Force flew in a couple of chlorination units. But nobody except local people paid much attention when a polluted public water supply sickened 16,000 residents of Gainesville, Fla. in 1964, or when an equally large epidemic struck Riverside, Calif. the following year. In the decade 1961-1970, 130 water-borne disease episodes involving more than 46,000 illnesses and twenty deaths were officially recorded in the United States. Diagnoses included gastroenteritis ("intestinal flu"), hepatitis and typhoid. More outbreaks of water-borne disease are expected. An expert on underground water supplies recently told a Congressional committee that our drinking water supplies are "in horrible shape. The situation is disgraceful."

The federal government has jurisdiction only over water systems that supply interstate carriers, about 650 out of a total of 35,000 public water systems. Most state and local regulation is grossly inadequate. Federal experts estimate that states should be spending 20¢ per capita annually for adequate testing equipment and trained manpower. Only New Hampshire comes close: 18¢. The figure for New York is 8.9¢; for New Jersey, 2.2¢; for Connecticut, 1.7¢. These are not poor Southern states.

Much bottled water is of equally dubious quality. The only remedy that promises to be effective is stringent federal supervision. Two bills, S. 433 and H.R. 5368, are before Congress. The Senate bill would police compliance with federal standards of 35,000 public water systems and 500 dealers in bottled water. The House bill, favored by the Administration, would impose sanctions on states which fail to comply with federal standards. It contains a good many loopholes, but probably the differences can be reconciled in conference. In any case it will be years before regulation is fully operative; therefore legislative action cannot come too soon.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE HISS CASE

RAYMOND A. WERCHEN and FRED J. COOK

This is the latest chapter in the unfinished story of Alger Hiss—the tale of the car that wasn't. It is also the story of seemingly manufactured evidence, of indication piled upon indication that this pivotal, watershed prosecution of our time—the case on which Richard M. Nixon's reputation was founded; the case that formed the base for the witch-hunting of Joe McCarthy—was the product of a carefully concocted scenario.

For those who need a refresher course about a trial that was the sensation of its day, here is the essential background and the reasons why the car that wasn't reveals so much about a prosecution that was as badly tainted as the recent Pentagon Papers trial of Daniel Ellsberg.

Alger Hiss had been a brilliant, rising young State Department star in the Washington of Franklin Roosevelt. He was almost perfectly type-cast as the dangerous Eastern intellectual—a product of Johns Hopkins University and Harvard Law School, a protégé of Felix Frankfurter and Oliver Wendell Holmes—when Republicans in the Presidential campaign of 1948 began to push the thesis that equated intellectuals and liberals with traitors and Communists.

Hiss became the principal target. Whittaker Chambers, then a senior editor of *Time* and self-portrayed as a former courier for a Soviet spy ring, charged that Hiss had belonged to a Communist cell in Washington in the mid-1930s. In the early stages of his attack, Chambers also testified repeatedly under oath that Hiss had never been involved in espionage; but, after Hiss sued him for libel, Chambers' story changed—and so did many supposedly hard and fast details.

During pretrial depositions in Baltimore on the Hiss libel suit, Chambers suddenly produced copies of a number of State Department documents that, he testified, had been typed by Hiss and his wife, Priscilla, on an old Woodstock typewriter the Hisses once had owned. Alger Hiss, who according to Chambers' earlier versions had never been a spy, now in this recast recital had been a spy for years.

This 180-degree reversal of a position earlier maintained under oath required some radical alteration in essential details. One of the most important involved the date of Chambers' break with communism and the date of his association with Hiss. There had seemed at first to be little conflict between the stories of Hiss and Chambers about the time they had known each other; even Nixon, when questioning Hiss at one House Un-American Activities Committee hearing, acknowledged that there had been no association between the two men after January 1937. But the documents that Chambers subsequently produced and that he swore all came from Hiss were dated as late as April 1, 1938—and so Chambers' original story that he had broken with communism in 1937 and hadn't seen the Hisses since the end of 1936 changed accordingly. He now maintained that he had seen Hiss constantly, almost up to the new date that he fixed for his break with communism—April 15, 1938.

It is obvious to a trial lawyer that any prosecutor, forced to rely upon a witness whose various accounts, all told under oath, collide with one another so irreconcilably, faces a difficult problem. To convince a jury that the latest version is the true version, it is almost essential to support the final version with some kind of documentary evidence that does not depend upon the chancy words of the witness. It was at this point in the development of the Hiss case that the car that wasn't surfaced as an item of vital corroborative evidence.

The basic transaction, according to the prosecution, was this: On November 23, 1937, Chambers traded in an old Ford car for $325 at the Schmidt Motor Co. Inc., in Randallstown, Md. and, with an additional $486.75 in cash, purchased a new Ford. How had Chambers, who at the time had been living a relatively penniless existence, obtained the cash? When in 1949 Hiss was brought to trial in Federal Court on perjury charges for denying under oath that he had ever been a Communist or a spy, Whittaker Chambers, who admitted he had worked for weeks, five days a week, with FBI agents in advance of trial, suddenly made the claim that Hiss had given him $400 in cash to buy the car. The reason? Just one good Communist helping another.

This testimony was offered only *after* FBI agents had obtained Hiss's bank records from the Riggs National Bank in Washington. These showed that on November 19, 1937, just four days before the supposed car purchase, Hiss had withdrawn $400. Strangely enough, though the House committee in 1948 had figuratively gotten down on its collective knees and pleaded with Chambers to recall every tiny detail of his association with Hiss, Chambers had never remembered this unforgettable beneficence until *after* the FBI had latched on to Hiss's bank records.

In both the first and second Hiss trials (the first ended in a hung jury; the second in a conviction for perjury), the government sought to back up Chambers' testimony about this crucial car transaction with a piece of documentary evidence. This consisted of a *photostat* (reproduced on page 681) of a single page purportedly taken from the ledger of the Schmidt Motor Co. In both trials, defense counsel accepted this single sheet of photostated paper as legitimate evidence, without requiring from the government any further proof, without insisting that the entire original ledger be subjected to examination.

One has to pause and marvel at this bland acceptance of a key bit of documentation in a trial that should have been a fiercely fought adversary proceeding. For the importance of this ledger sheet can hardly be exaggerated; if it stood the test in court, it gave important credibility to Chambers' wildly changing scenario, and it conveyed an element of conviction to his account of an association with Hiss at the time the State Department

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EDITORS' FOREWORD

Leaving his office one afternoon in the fall of 1957, Raymond A. Werchen, a member of the New York bar since 1940, picked up a newsstand copy of *The Nation* for September 21 which featured an article by Fred J. Cook ("Hiss: New Perspectives on the Strangest Case of Our Time," later published in book form as *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss*). Werchen had never met Hiss and had no special interest in the case, but after reading the article he decided to examine the transcript on appeal and was immediately struck by what seemed to him weaknesses in the government's case. As time permitted, he continued to study the case and conducted a series of investigations, including an inspection of the premises in which the famous "dumbwaiter" was located and a visit to Maryland to examine records in the state's motor vehicle department. From his long and detailed critique of the evidence, Fred J. Cook, at the request of *The Nation*, has prepared this condensation.

In an editorial introduction to Mr. Cook's 1957 article, we offered this comment:

> The cases that refuse to die are those in which, because of the nature of the charges and the political clamor they create, the public itself becomes implicated. It is as if not twelve men, but a whole nation, sits in the jury box. Charge and countercharge, the personalities involved, become part of the moral and social history of the times; and even when justice is finally done, the cases are remembered as testaments to a people's persistence in the pursuit of justice as a paramount national ideal.
>
> All such cases, and the Hiss one followed the pattern, carry with them the clear and appalling implication that if the court verdict was wrong, a government agency, federal or state, might be compromised; and that majority opinion, in a moment of passion, has sanctioned injustice. Inevitably, in such instances, the final verdict—the verdict not of twelve but of 170,000,000—comes slowly; it is only as passions subside that reappraisal of the evidence is possible.

Mr. Cook's pioneer reappraisal of 1957 raised serious questions about the legitimacy of the prosecution and the fairness of the verdict. But while it served to revive and stimulate interest in the case, the time had not yet come for a general popular assessment. Since then other studies, notably *Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers-Alger Hiss* by Meyer A. Zeligs (1967), have reinforced doubts first voiced by Mr. Cook and raised other issues as well. And more studies, in addition to Mr. Werchen's, are under way, including forthcoming books about the case by Joan Worth, an English writer, William Reuben, and John Lowenthal of the Law School, Rutgers University. In the past the public has not been prepared to reassess the government's case, but now that some of the miasma of the cold-war years has lifted, a more open-minded attitude is emerging. In the wake of Judge Byrne's dismissal of the case against Ellsberg and Russo because of "improper government conduct shielded so long from public view," the public should be willing for the first time since 1953 to face "the clear and appalling implication" that government agencies might have been compromised in the prosecution and trial of Alger Hiss.

The possibility of a definitive re-examination of the case hinges on release of the FBI file and other papers. As we pointed out some time ago ("The Hiss File," December 18, 1972), President Nixon promised on June 1, 1972, in response to many requests, "to lift the veil of secrecy from needlessly classified documents" more than ten years old; later he issued an order to this effect, but federal bureaucrats have shown a marked reluctance to implement the order. So a group of scholars has initiated, with the assistance of the American Civil Liberties Union, two court actions to make certain materials available for historical research. One of these actions was brought in the name of Allen Weinstein, of Smith College, who seeks to force release of all documents concerning the Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers investigation from 1933 to 1953. Twenty years have elapsed since the Hiss case was tried; government files and documents bearing on the case should now be open to inspection by scholars, investigators and newsmen. It should be emphasized that when Hiss was tried the rule in the *Jencks* case had not been handed down. Under that ruling a defendant is entitled to inspect materials such as reports by FBI agents and their interviews with government witnesses and possible wire taps. As the law now stands, if a defendant requests such material, the trial judge goes over it *in camera* and decides which portions of it are pertinent to his defense. Where there is reason to believe, as the Werchen-Cook study indicates, that the government may have been guilty of wrongdoing, the new rules requiring the government to produce exculpatory material, which proved so helpful to Ellsberg and Russo, become of paramount importance. These rules were not available to Hiss.

The conviction of Alger Hiss was a key event—perhaps the single most important event—in setting in motion the witch hunt which provided much of the domestic political support for cold-war policies. To place the case in proper perspective, one need merely note that the national reputation of President Nixon was largely based on the role he played in initiating the prosecution and in securing the conviction of Hiss. At the time of the trial, majority opinion was simply not prepared to believe that extralegal methods might be used by federal agencies to secure convictions in cases thought to involve "national security" or to be of major importance in the "fight against communism." In the wake of Watergate and the Ellsberg case the public should be somewhat more sophisticated.

If Ellsberg marks the beginning of the end of the cold war and its "dirty tricks," it can be said that the Hiss case marked the inception. It was merely the first of a series of federal prosecutions which were by-products of the domestic cold war and the hateful attitudes it engendered. President Nixon was then the accuser—a fact in which he takes inordinate pride—a kind of Public Prosecutor, as it were; now he is busily denying that he participated in the planning or the cover-up of "the sordid affair" that is Watergate. But it was the President—this much we know—who ordered the special inquiry into alleged "leaks" of information which culminated in the disclosures of shameful governmental intervention in the Ellsberg case. By impugning the good faith of the Department of Justice, the CIA and the FBI, these disclosures have called in question the integrity of the judicial process. In the atmosphere that prevails today—an atmosphere contaminated by evidence of governmental misconduct at the highest levels—the persistently voiced doubts about the methods used to secure the indictment and conviction of Alger Hiss take on new significance.

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documents presumably were passed. Yet the defense failed to attack a document that even today, on the face of it, calls loudly for attack.

A careful examination of this ledger photostat, introduced in the second trial as Exhibit 40, reveals a host of incongruities. First and most noticeable is the fact that the entry dealing with the supposed Chambers car deal of November 23, 1937 is juxtaposed on the page with another entry that seems to show it is suspiciously out of sequence. The Chambers entry appears on the right-hand side of the photostated page. It is in handwriting that appears markedly different from that of the other entry, on the left-hand side of the page.

Moreover, the left-hand entry, labeled "Ward transaction," bears the notation that it took place on October 30, 1937 (the posting is simply "10/30"), and bears a folio number "265," apparently a reference to a cashbook or journal that was not produced at either trial. Yet the Chambers transaction, which allegedly took place three weeks later, appears on the same page and bears a folio number "335"—a skipping of seventy numbers which seems a highly unlikely feat to have been performed on a single ledger page in which entries would be made in sequence.

There are other, tenuous indications that the Chambers entry was probably made up and filled in on a blank section of this ledger page at a much later date. While the Ward transaction was simply recorded as taking place on "10/30," the Chambers entry, which begins in similar style "11/23," adds the year—"11/23/37"—as if for emphasis in recording the cash payment. Again it seems an unlikely interpolation if entries had been made in sequence, and it differs from the handling of the entire "Ward transaction."

The suspicion this nurtures is reinforced by an error in the Chambers entry that it seems unlikely a Ford dealer would have made in 1937. The Ford that Chambers was supposed to have purchased is described as a "Fordoor." That spelling was never used by the Ford company, whose models in the 1930s were identified by the acronyms, "Tudor" and "Fordor," to distinguish between two-door and four-door sedans. By the late 1940s these terms had gone out of use on newer models, opening a pitfall of unfamiliarity.

Another intriguing indication that this mysterious "335" Chambers entry was postdated lies in a similar error in giving Chambers' 1937 Baltimore address. It appears in the photostat as "2124 Mt. Royal Ave." The correct address in the 1930s was "2124 Mt. Royal *Terrace*," a correction that Mrs. Chambers herself made when questioned about the address at the second trial. However, there is in Baltimore today a "West Mount Royal Avenue"—a change of street names with the passing of time that could easily explain the error in the photostat.

With suspicions aroused by such discrepancies in the photostated ledger page, it became necessary to check the Maryland Department of Motor Vehicles to see what the records there showed about this car transaction. Maryland, a so-called title registration state, maintains a *permanent* title registry of all licensed motor vehicles. In the Chambers transaction with the Schmidt Motor Co., there were two cars to be checked on—the 1934 Ford which Chambers supposedly turned in and the 1937 "Fordoor" which he allegedly purchased. The ledger photostat gave the motor vehicle identification numbers of these cars.

Noted on the photostat was a $3.75 fee for the title registration of the new car. Subsequently, in contesting Hiss's appeal from his conviction, the government came up with another document—an affidavit signed February 29, 1952 by a man named Stoker, an employee of the Ford dealer, affirming that he had attached new Maryland license plates to Chambers' 1937 car on April 1, 1938. In other words, the car had been registered and twice licensed in the state of Maryland. Surely, a record of it must exist.

A fee was paid for a search of the records. After a considerable wait, a girl clerk returned and said: "We have no record, sir, of a title registration in this state for this vehicle."

Here, then, was the car that wasn't. But what about the trade-in vehicle? Certainly there must be substantiating evidence for Chambers' story where that was concerned. Another fee was paid. And the trail of this vehicle turned out to be almost as murky as that of the car that wasn't.

The 1934 Ford, vehicle identification number 18-1011772, turned out, according to the records, to have been first title-registered in Maryland on August 2, 1937. It was re-registered in January 1938, and again in 1946. None of the names appearing on the 1938 and 1946 documents suggests any connection with Chambers as vendor or vendee. Neither his name nor any of his known aliases appears on the records. And the document for the August 2, 1937 registration is missing. The fact that the car was registered then is known from an entry on the re-registration of January 1938, but that bare notation, which names no owner, is all that exists in the records.

There is another reason to suspect the legitimacy of this supposed car transaction—the price. A 1937 de luxe Ford listed for about $765. Furthermore, the new 1938 models had been introduced, as is customary, in September or October. Thus, if Chambers truly purchased a car in November, he should have been buying a previous year's model at a knock-down price. It must be remembered also that a recession was under way in November 1937, and a buyer with a late-model trade-in and cash in hand was in an ideal position to bargain. All of this should have brought the price of Chambers' "Fordoor" down to about $640 or $650—not the $800 he is alleged to have paid in late November. Again, it would seem, these realities that should have been so apparent at the time were not so obvious to someone fabricating the record more than a decade later.

If Chambers' account is to be believed, he owned the 1934 car until November 23, 1937 when he traded it in. Why, then, the August 2nd registration? Could it be that Chambers disposed of the car *at that time*—a time that would conflict irreconcilably with his later contention of a November transaction and a November gift of $400 from Hiss? If so, the gap in the Maryland motor

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vehicle records becomes more understandable. In the Hiss case, records (notably those dealing with the manufacture and serial number of the old Hiss Woodstock typewriter) had a way of disappearing once the FBI got its hands on them.

All of this—the absence of documentary support for Chambers' account of the transfer of the 1934 vehicle, the absence of any registration showing that his November "Fordoor" even existed—blows a huge gap in the array of documentary corroboration so vital to the prosecution in propping up the otherwise suspect and ever-shifting tales of Whittaker Chambers.

There are other gaps. One involves Chambers' account of the manner in which he hid the documents he allegedly received from Hiss. When he broke with the Communist Party in 1937 or the spring of 1938, depending upon which version of his story is to be believed, he had tried to sell an account of his life with communism to a major magazine. Failing in this, according to him, he had put the documents in an envelope and turned them over for safekeeping to his nephew, Nathan Levine, whose parents lived at 260 Rochester Avenue, Brooklyn.

Chambers' account of this packet defies belief on more counts than one. He later wrote in *Witness* that he had stored the documents because he considered them a "life preserver" in case his life was threatened. But then he turns around and insists that he had virtually forgotten about the contents of this all-important "life preserver"; he recalled it only as a small envelope that contained a few scraps of handwritten notes by Hiss and possibly "something of Harry White's." In trouble in the libel action which Hiss had brought against him in Baltimore, told by his attorney that if he had anything on Hiss he had better produce it, Chambers went to Levine's home on Sunday, November 14, 1948, and asked for his papers back.

There now took place an unusual scene that once again raises an issue of credibility and suggests that Chambers' trial testimony was warped to fit the needs of the prosecution. To a trial attorney, one point is obvious: Why didn't Chambers simply ask Levine to go and get the documents for him? Why was it necessary

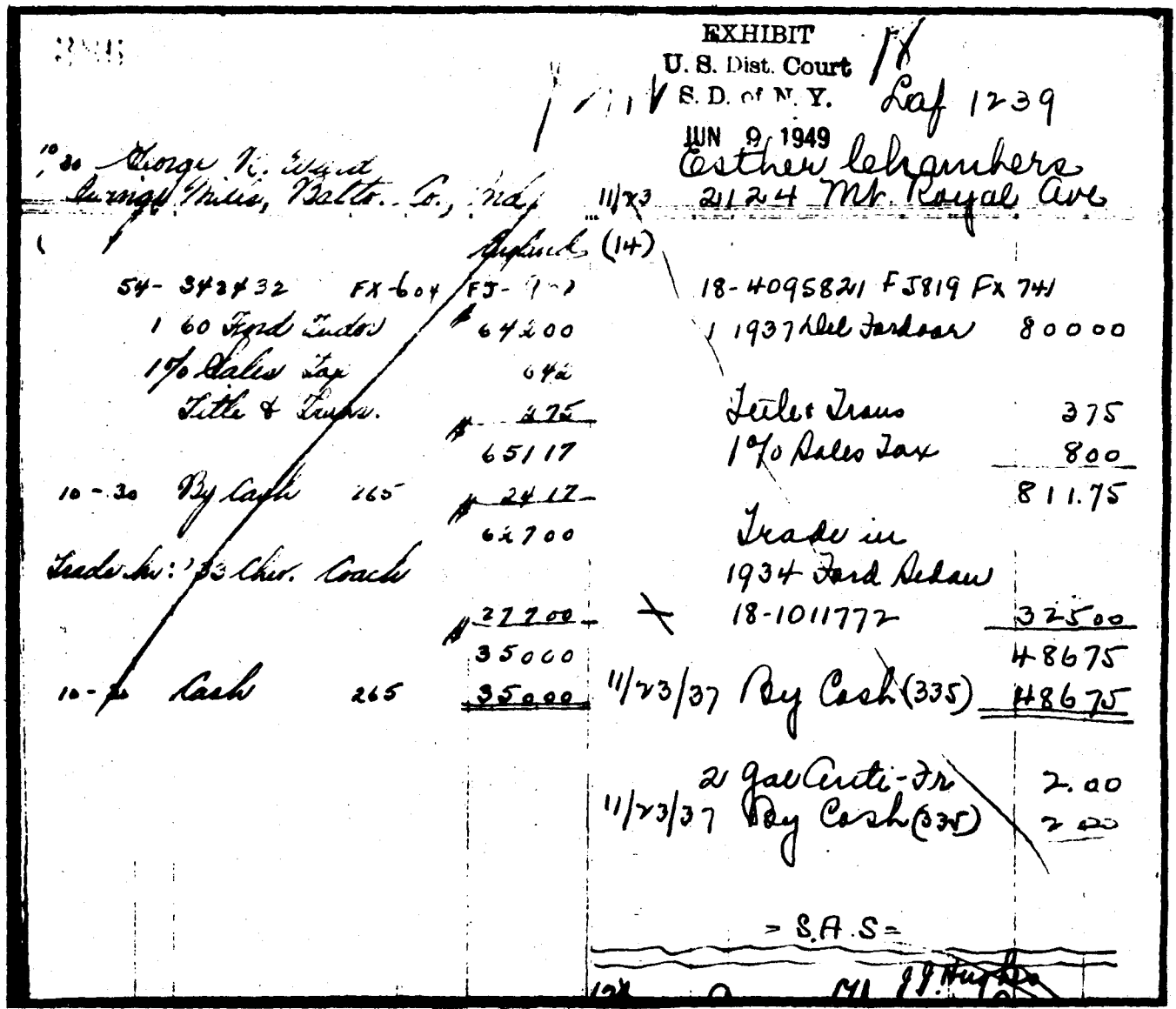
EXHIBIT
U. S. Dist. Court
S. D. of N. Y.
JUN 9 1949

Esther Lehrambers
2124 Mt. Royal Ave

George R. Wyatt
Lumber Mills, Balto. Co., Md.

11/23 Buick (14)

54-342432 FX-604 FJ-7-1 — 18-4095821 FJ819 Fx 741

1 60 Ford Tudor 642.00 — 1937 Del Fordoor 800.00

1% Sales Tax 6.42

Title & Taxes 3.75 — Title Trans 3.75

6.51.17 — 1% Sales Tax 8.00

10-30 By Cash 265 24.17 — 811.75

642.00

Trade in: '33 Chev. Coach — Trade in 1934 Ford Sedan

22200 — 18-1011772 325.00

350.00 — 486.75

10-[illegible] Cash 265 350.00 — 11/23/37 By Cash (335) 486.75

2 gal Anti-Fr 2.00

11/23/37 By Cash (335) 2.00

= S.A.S =

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for Chambers to be physically present to witness the retrieval of his papers from the cache where, he said, Levine had hidden them years previously? Again, it would seem, the purpose was corroboration—to insure by the dovetailing stories of Levine and Chambers, one supporting the other, that a jury would be convinced these were the original, bona fide papers that Chambers had squirreled away, not some that might have been concocted to meet the exigencies of the libel case or to fuel the witch hunt that was then beginning.

The trouble is that the stories of Levine and Chambers do not quite dovetail. There is a small but significant discrepancy, overlooked by the defense at the time of trial, that suggests Chambers was not present at the moment of historic retrieval as he testified he was. In both Hiss trials, Chambers testified that he went to the second-floor bathroom with Levine and watched what happened.

Q. And did he then reach up onto a shelf, or top of a closet which had been converted from a dumbwaiter shaft?

A. He stood on the *bathtub* and reached into a window in the dumbwaiter shaft. (*Emphasis added.*)

Q. And he then pulled out an envelope covered with dust?

A. That is right.

Levine's testimony was that he went into the bathroom, opened the window "and stepped on the *ledge* and took from *above* the back of the linen closet in the dumbwaiter shaft the envelope. . . ." (*Emphasis added.*)

This may seem a small discrepancy, but it is one that assumes unexpected significance when one visits the house at 260 Rochester Avenue. This is the fourth house in from Lincoln Place in a row of seven attached houses built in 1908 and 1909. The interior houses are divided from one another by solid body walls. Light and air are admitted to the interiors of these central houses by air shafts that run from basements to roofs and are capped by skylights.

On the second floor of No. 260 a hall runs from the stair landing to the west side of the house. On the north side of this hall are a pantry and a bathroom, separated by a 3-foot space, which is itself divided in half, the inner half having once housed the dumbwaiter and the outer half being the air shaft. Windows in the pantry and bathroom face each other across the 3-foot shaft. The space formerly housing the dumbwaiter has been converted into a linen closet. The hiding space for Chambers' mysterious documents was on a shelf of the old dumbwaiter *above* the linen closet. This shelf can be reached only by someone climbing out the bathroom window and perching himself upon window ledges out in the open ventilating shaft.

It could be done in one of two ways. The more precarious would be to climb out, place both feet on the bathroom window ledge, and then, hanging on to the sash with one hand, reaching with the other over an incomplete barrier that divides the closet-dumbwaiter section from the ventilating shaft proper. Another method, giving the searcher for hidden documents a better balance, is to climb out and place one foot on the bathroom window ledge, the other on the ledge of the pantry window. This gives better balance and allows one to reach over the barrier and search freely among the accumulated dust and dirt on the long-unused shelf of the dumbwaiter.

Whichever method is used, no one who has actually witnessed this tricky maneuver—no one who has ever seen a man straddling the ventilator shaft, poised above the pit—could ever possibly have given Chambers' description that Levine stepped up on the bathtub and drew out the papers. The bathtub has nothing to do with it: it is simply impossible to reach anything above the linen closet by standing on that tub.

What all of this means is that Chambers could not have been present at the supposed recovery of his papers, and it casts serious doubt, along with other circumstances, on the validity of those papers. Levine testified that he never saw the contents of the envelope that he handed to Chambers. He had dragged out a lot of dust and dirt along with the envelope, and he occupied himself with cleaning up the mess while Chambers went to the kitchen and opened up the find. Levine later saw Chambers there, but he never, according to his testimony, saw what Chambers had.

As for Chambers, as he later reported in *Witness*, he was absolutely stunned—a reaction that in itself seems stunning on the part of a man who, in all these years, had placed such great importance on the contents of his "life preserver." Yet, if we are to believe Chambers, he had had no idea that the mass of documents he now found so providentially placed in his hands even existed. "Good God," he quotes himself as exclaiming, "I did not know that this still existed." There was, perhaps, more than one reason for his astonishment. As the Hiss defense demonstrated belatedly on appeal, the dirt-encrusted envelope could not have contained all the copied State Department documents and rolls of microfilm that Chambers insisted had fallen into his lap sitting there in Levine's kitchen. The thing was a physical impossibility; the envelope retrieved from the dumbwaiter shaft, had it contained all Chambers testified it did, would have been more overcrowded than Noah's Ark.

What one sees in all of this is a case that has the odor of the manufactured. When item after item in a prosecution's case fails to hold still for examination, when item after item turns out to be not quite what it was represented to be, when the struggle for corroboration becomes self-defeating, one can be almost certain that one is dealing with spurious testimony and faked evidence.

This conviction is strengthened when one studies the testimony offered by the prosecution to support Chambers' charge that the State Department documents he had produced had been typed on the old Woodstock typewriter that had once belonged to the Hisses. What most persons have failed to realize is that, once again, the defense offered no countervailing testimony. The *only* witness who testified about the typing characteristics found in the documents was an FBI agent produced by the prosecution; and his testimony, unknown to the jury or the retrial judge, changed significantly between the first trial and the second.

On appeal, Hiss's new attorney, the late Chester Lane, was to raise a new issue, contending that forgery by typewriter (contrary to the opinion of most experts at

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the time) is entirely possible. He had a machine constructed that, according to a skilled document expert, reproduced the typing of the so-called Baltimore documents. The courts on appeal refused to consider this evidence—and much else produced by Lane's later investigation, even documentary evidence indicating that Chambers was out of the Communist Party in 1937 as he had originally said—on the narrow legalistic grounds that the defense had had an obligation, had it used proper diligence, to bring all of this evidence out during the trials and so could not use its own failure to do so as a basis for reopening the case.

The ruling pointed up the fatal failure of defense attorneys in both trials to come to grips with the central issue of the case—the documents and the Woodstock typewriter that allegedly produced them. Without the documents, the government's case rested on the dubious word of Chambers; and so the validity of the documents and every aspect of the manner in which they had been typed, secreted and belatedly produced should have been the central point of fierce contention in a properly fought adversary proceeding.

Yet at the very opening of the second trial, Hiss's defense attorney in effect sanctified the government's position. In his opening statement to the jury, Claude B. Cross conceded everything a zealous prosecution could have hoped for. Here are some excerpts from this opening:

> The evidence will be that *all of these documents*, typewritten documents 5 through 47, except Exhibit 10, *were typed on a Woodstock typewriter that once belonged to Hiss*. . . . [*Emphasis added.*]
>
> Now, as to the typewriter, we say that the Hisses did not type those documents. . . .
>
> As to whether it was on the Woodstock typewriter, the Government produced a witness at the first trial who said in his opinion it was done on the Woodstock typewriter . . . and there is no cross-examination of that witness. I tell you, in frankness, that we have consulted some experts and they say that in their opinion it was typed on the Woodstock typewriter. That is an opinion. What the fact is as to who actually typed it only the person who typed it knows. . . .

Thus what the defense did at the outset was convert the core question—what typewriter had produced the documents, a very difficult proposition for the prosecution to prove—into the question of who had done the typing, an impossible one for the defense to answer.

The defense made this colossal concession in apparent ignorance of the fact, which should have been apparent had it studied the first trial record adequately, that the government expert's testimony had not been as forceful or conclusive as the defense itself now represented to the jury that it had been. In fact, the government expert in the first trial had not even identified the machine on which the documents had been reproduced as a Woodstock; that identification came only in the second trial after the defense, in its opening, yielded the point.

In the first trial, the FBI expert, Ramos C. Feehan, testified that he had compared the typing of four documents admittedly written on the Hiss Woodstock in the mid-1930s with the typing of the Baltimore State Department documents produced by Chambers. He based his analysis on just ten characters on the keyboard, contending that he found characteristics that matched in the two sets of documents. In his first trial testimony, he conceded, however, that there were "variations," and he explained that these might have been caused by differences in the paper, the ribbon, or typing pressure. Some of these variations were of such a nature, however, according to Feehan's own testimony, that it seems unlikely they could be traced to such simple causes.

Typical was Feehan's description of the vagaries that showed up in the typing of letter "r." He testified:

> . . . Sometimes it appears all right, upright as it normally should appear, and other times it is off its footing and leads to the right, and the "r" in the word "investors" is leading to the right. It is off its footing and the "r" in the word "honor" is leaning a little bit to the right.

It has to be considered significant that, in the second trial, Feehan's expert testimony changed in a small, but radical respect. The second time around there was no mention of "variations," no reference to letters that were upright in one place and leaning to the right in another. Feehan's second trial testimony made it appear to judge and jury that the characteristics he had found and compared in the documents were absolute and unvarying, with no exceptions whatsoever. This has to be considered little short of deception.

Feehan did mention at the retrial, but not at the first trial, that certain characters had defects from miscasting at the time of manufacture or by becoming broken through wear or use. This, had the defense had the wit to take advantage of it, only raised another and more difficult question. How could a character basically flawed through miscasting or wear produce a perfectly formed imprint on some of the documents? Not even hard pounding can produce such an imprint if the metal is not there on the key that makes it.

Yet this "expert" testimony was not really challenged by the defense until Chester Lane raised the whole issue of forgery by typewriter on appeal. In connection with this, Lane questioned the validity of an expert analysis based on only ten characters of a keyboard that contained eighty-four. He contended that the only valid analysis would have to be based on *all* of the idiosyncracies produced by a typewriter across the entire board.

Confronted with this challenge, the government flip-flopped. It produced an affidavit from Feehan who declared that he had *not* relied on just a ten-character analysis, the basis of his testimony in two trials: that, on the contrary, he had studied the whole eighty-four characters produced by the Woodstock. He declared: "I examined and compared each typewritten character appearing on the Baltimore documents #5 through #9 and #11 through #47 with the known standards, taking into consideration style of type, alignment, horizontal and vertical spacing, footing, variations and defects. A Spencer binocular microscope . . . [was] used in my examination." Further on in his affidavit, Feehan repeated: "*I examined each and every character of typewriting appearing on the questioned and known documents. . . .*" (*Emphasis added.*)

This last statement, impressive on its face, conjures up an image of tireless diligence that would be phenomenal even in an FBI agent. On the 64 pages of the dis-

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puted documents there are 93,267 typewritten characters; in the 8 pages of the standard documents there are 8,535 characters. If Mr. Feehan is to be taken at his word, then, he read the 64 pages of the disputed documents 8,535 times, and on each reading stopped, whenever a given typewritten character appeared, to compare it "for type, alignment, horizontal and vertical spacing, footing, variation and defects" with the test character from the standard documents being used in that particular reading. At each stopping point he viewed the corresponding characters through a microscope.

It is not only diligent; it is patently impossible. A professional editor, reading carefully but with no stops, will take approximately forty-five minutes to read a 64-page manuscript. To read such a manuscript 8,535 times will, therefore, take him 384,085 minutes, or 6,400 hours, or 800 eight-hour working days with no recess for lunch. That is considerably more than two years of solid work, with no time off for weekends or holidays. But Feehan, if he did all this before the first trial, as he said he did, would have had only about thirty weeks between the time Chambers first produced his documents on November 17, 1948 and the beginning of the first trial on June 16, 1949.

As a proffered expert, Feehan must have realized the significance of the language he used in providing the informational basis of the affidavit. For since he conceded *variations* in the typewritten characters, he had to contend, as stated in the affidavit, that he had examined *and* compared each imprint of a typewritten character appearing in the standard documents with the corresponding imprint of that typewritten character in the Baltimore documents. Any contention that his examination was limited merely to eighty-four typewritten characters in the standard keyboard would be an obvious fraud on the court. It should be emphasized that by using the phrase typewritt*en* characters rather than typewrit*er* characters, he must have intended to refer to imprints on the typewritten page and not to the characters on the keyboard.

It was to answer the objection of the defense in the motion for a new trial that a meaningful comparison could not be made on the basis of but ten characters that Feehan insisted, in his affidavit, on the comprehensive, character by character, microscopic examination. Unfortunately, it did not occur to the defense to test the assertion with a little grade-school mathematics.

What disturbs and disappoints one most is the uncritical acceptance of Feehan's March 3, 1952 affidavit by the judge of the lower court who presided at the trial and the judges of the Court of Appeals and the U.S. Supreme Court who upheld him in denying a new trial. One explanation lies perhaps in the atmosphere of the times. The FBI as an institution was regarded with awe, and almost any assertion made by one of its experts carried with it an implication of infallibility. This almost universal readiness to accept the FBI's word had its insidious effect upon the mental processes of defense attorneys during the trials and of the appeals courts afterward. Added to this was the witch-hunt atmosphere of the times, a current that no segment of the American power structure, neither the courts nor a partisan press, showed any disposition to oppose. It was a time when Communists were thought to lurk under every bed and Republican orators were implying by innuendo that Harry Truman had been a traitor. Thus, it was not a time to employ critical faculties, not a time to dissent, not a time to swim against the tide and cry for justice.

It is perhaps quite different now. The anti-Communist paranoia that swept the land produced in the end, as was inevitable, the folly and tragedy of Vietnam. The current Watergate scandal has shocked the nation with the spectacle of a burglary ring operating out of the White House and forging documents for political purposes to implicate President John F. Kennedy in the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem. In a time when government on the loftiest levels has not scrupled to resort to forgery in an attempt to denigrate the memory of a murdered President, it is no longer inconceivable that similar tactics should have been used by the same political forces in the prosecution of Alger Hiss. The story of the car that wasn't and the shifting sands of evidence concerning the vital documents are just two indications that a manufactured case was palmed off on the American people. The Hiss case cries aloud for fresh and thorough examination, for here is where it all began; here was the genesis of the unscrupulous power that has brought the nation to the disgrace of Watergate. □

OAS: DEATH BY MALIGN NEGLECT

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

Plaza Cátia, at the edge of Caracas, has changed very little since President Nixon's visit in 1958. Traffic is still forced to flow round the dingy square where he was stoned by angry university students because, for all their inventive highway engineering, the Venezuelans have yet to unplug the Cátia bottleneck between the airport freeway and the entrance to the city. During Sunday afternoon traffic jams, motorists inching round the plaza gaze dully at the same rundown theatre and bars that provided the backdrop for Nixon's first confrontation with those noisy, uncontrollable Latin Americans.

Many hemisphere observers think that the then Vice President's unpleasant experience in Venezuela engendered a disdain for the nations of the south that has since become so painfully obvious as to threaten what little is left of inter-American relations. Although Nixon's Administration has made an occasional attempt to disguise its boredom by trotting out the war in Vietnam as an excuse, Arthur Schlesinger is only too correct in his description

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of Latin America as the most forgotten and neglected region in the President's foreign policy. Nowadays, even the prospect of censure by the United Nations fails to move Washington. John Scali, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., did not hesitate to veto a resolution for a prompt revision of the Panama Canal treaty that was proposed during the Security Council's recent meeting in Panama, although the measure was supported by thirteen of the Council's fifteen members (only Great Britain abstained). The United States has vetoed a Security Council motion on only two previous occasions in the U.N.'s twenty-eight-year history, and neither of these concerned Latin America. However, while the rest of the world might have viewed Scali's veto as a diplomatic defeat for the United States, Washington simply yawned at the bad publicity. The Administration knows that the Council cannot force the United States to relinquish sovereignty over the Canal.

The Security Council meeting did nothing to alter the stalemate; if anything, it may have encouraged the United States to take a harder line in future negotiations. Nevertheless, the Panamanians could take some comfort in the spotlight turned temporarily on their problem. As Panamanian strong man Gen. Omar Torrijos pointed out, the U.S. veto "demonstrates to the rest of the world what we have been facing for sixty years."

Scali's veto hardly came as a surprise. The United States has said "no" to Latin American demands so often in the past few months that Latin diplomats begin to wonder "why we even bother to ask." Prior to the Security Council meeting, U.S. delegates vetoed a series of Latin American recommendations made in Bogotá during a meeting of the Social and Economic Council of the Organization of American States (OAS). A week after the Security Council meeting, a similar set of recommendations was rejected at the annual conference of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Latin America, held in Quito.

By the time the hemisphere's foreign ministers convened in Washington on April 4 for the twenty-fifth anniversary meeting of the OAS, countries as diverse as Marxist Chile and conservative Colombia were questioning the validity of the OAS itself. The fact that Panama had to take its problems to the Security Council is an "indication of the crisis in the OAS," said Colombia's Foreign Minister Alfredo Vasquez Carrizosa. "There is a crisis of formalities, bureaucracy, red tape and annoying procedures that prevent a country from directly presenting any issue without having to go through commissions and subcommissions." As if to emphasize Vasquez's point, the foreign ministers promptly referred a Peruvian proposal to reform the OAS to yet another study commission.

If it all seems unreal, that is because the OAS has become a charade. Latin Americans can hardly take Washington's promise of a "mature association" seriously when CIA agents are linked with an ITT plot to overthrow the President of Chile. "To suggest a 'mature association' when there isn't even a dialogue is neither realistic nor constructive," says Sol Linowitz, former U.S. ambassador to the OAS.

There never has been a dialogue, of course. Long before the OAS was conceived in 1948, the United States did most of the talking, while the Latin Americans listened attentively like so many well-behaved schoolboys. Even Argentina, which had temporarily annoyed the United States by refusing to declare war on the Axis till early 1945, had been sufficiently chastised by 1948 to follow the leader like everyone else.

The OAS was born in the blood bath of the April 9 "Bogotazo" which was precipitated by the assassination of Colombia's popular radical reformer, Jorge Eliecer Gaitán. Angry mobs rampaged through the Colombian capital, destroying most of downtown Bogotá, save the cathedral and the Colombian congress, where the OAS's founding fathers were huddled. Fidel Castro and other young revolutionaries joined the crowds in the streets. Had Gaitán lived, however, a Colombian revolution might have served as a model for the Cuban experience and the schisms that have rent the OAS—Marxism and nationalism as much as Castro's guerrilla movements—might have occurred a decade earlier.

Cuba's expulsion from the OAS in 1962 abruptly ended the ongoing monologue. Despite considerable pressure from the United States, Mexico refused to impose economic and political sanctions against Cuba; it was the lone dissenting voice in an otherwise disciplined chorus. The days of the "automatic vote," when Washington could snap its fingers and the OAS trotted to heel, were over.

The beginning of the end did not really become apparent, however, until President Johnson ordered the Marines to Santo Domingo. Of all the principles embodied in the OAS charter, none is more sacred to Latin Americans than nonintervention in the affairs of member states. If the Latin Americans seem supersensitive on this issue, Theodore Roosevelt, William Taft, Woodrow Wilson and John Kennedy gave them good reason to be. But whereas the Bay of Pigs fiasco could be written off in the early glow of the Alliance for Progress, few Latin Americans could accept Johnson's rationalization of the Marines' invasion of the Dominican Republic. The Marines were not sent to protect the lives of a few American diplomats and businessmen—as everyone admitted in Washington—but to prevent a moderately liberal reformer, ex-President Juan Bosch, from assuming power. Poor counselors or overreaction, whatever history's verdict of Johnson's decision, the OAS lay in pieces on the palm-fringed beaches of Santo Domingo, and all the efforts of all the diplomats have not been able to put it back together again.

The White House tried to paper over its errors by lobbying for an OAS peacekeeping force in the Dominican Republic, only to be rebuffed by all but the Brazilians. Just how bad the paste-up job had been did not become evident, however, until 1968, when Peru's generals toppled a civilian government and began the continent's march to the Left. The new regime set the tone for a nationalistic, left-wing administration by expropriating the local subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey within hours of the coup. Possibly because of Plaza Cátia or

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Vadillo; Siempre (Mexico)

because of the errors of his predecessors, Nixon pretended to look the other way, allowing the affair to drift into obscurity instead of imposing the Hickenlooper amendment, which would have cost Peru its U.S. sugar quota.

Nixon has never approved of open confrontations with Latin America, on the theory that it is better not to get involved down there because any attention, such as the Alliance for Progress, tends to excite and exalt the Latins. A policy of benign neglect seems infinitely preferable to the political convulsions of a Bay of Pigs or Santo Domingo. "Even Kennedy was unable to manage the situation," says a Colombian diplomat. "The Alliance for Progress actually encouraged anti-American insurrections."

The White House's benign neglect does not, of course, extend to the international lending agencies. Hence, Peru and Chile have been blackballed at the Agency for International Development, the Inter-American Development Bank (IDB), the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund because of their refusal to pay compensation for expropriated U.S. properties. Other South American nations also have found that the warmth of their reception at foreign banks depends on the state of their relations with the United States. Ecuador's credit rating, for example, is closely related to the number of California tuna boats it seizes each year. Not that the Nixon Administration has ever pretended otherwise. Secretary of State William Rogers insists that "this is a businessmen's government dedicated to protecting business' interests," and Nixon himself has warned countries that "discourage private investment" of the perils they invite at the international lending agencies.

A business approach to hemisphere affairs may seem more realistic than the munificent, unpractical aid programs or a contingent of U.S. Marines. However, beneath the apparent pragmatism lies a cynicism which makes nonsense of any talk about "mature association." "We cannot blame the United States for withholding its largesse from a country that expropriates U.S. properties," said a moderate Argentine politician. "On the other hand, we strongly object to Nixon's support of U.S. companies that interfere in our politics. The United States wants us to behave. Shouldn't we expect the same of the United States?"

Hardly, in view of the revelations made during the recent Senate investigation of the Chilean affair. Not only did CIA agents seriously consider ITT's offer of a $1 million to prevent Salvador Allende from assuming the Presidency. It now turns out that they also spent $20 million on the 1964 Presidential campaign to insure the election of Eduardo Frei, a political moderate.

Just how powerful U.S. conglomerates are in Latin America may be judged by the number of multinational corporations they control. According to a recent survey by the Center for Latin American Monetary Studies, an IDB offspring, only one-third of the region's corporate giants are controlled by local interests. The other two-thirds are owned by foreign capital, with U.S. investors leading the list with 142 multinational corporations. (Total U.S. investment in Latin America is $15 billion, third only to investments in Canada and Europe.)

Controversy over a Hartke-Burke amendment has helped bring to light some interesting statistics on the profits of these corporations. Known as the Trade and Investment Law, the amendment was first proposed in September 1971, following complaints from labor unions that the multinational corporations were exporting jobs. To counter these charges, the White House ordered the Department of Commerce to release a report on these corporations' activities, only to discover that it had started one fire by trying to put out another: the revelations have caused shock waves round the world that could augur bad times abroad for the corporation giants.

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The report shows that during the period 1960-70, U.S. investments abroad totaled $78 billion, 80 per cent of which were supplied by the multinational corporations. It also shows that these companies made a profit of $79.3 billion during the same period, recovering more than their original investment. That is not surprising in view of the fact that multinational corporations make a 12 per cent profit on foreign operations, as against 10.8 per cent in the United States. Thirty-eight U.S. giants, ranging from IBM to Goodrich and Coca-Cola, earn more than half of their profits abroad.

Multinational companies depend on foreign markets for 90 per cent of their $60 billion annual sales, either in the nation in which the subsidiary is located or a third country. If motor vehicles made in Canada are excluded, imports from these subsidiaries account for only 2.4 per cent of the United States' imports. In contrast, these foreign subsidiaries absorb 25 per cent of the United States annual exports. It seems that very little U.S. capital is necessary to produce these enormous profits; only one-seventh of the money invested in overseas subsidiaries comes from U.S. sources; foreign banks and finance organizations supply the bulk of the capital, although they rarely have a controlling interest.

The impact of these revelations, combined with the ITT scandal, has badly frightened Latin American leaders, who are now staring at a monster whose presence was once only suspected. Mexico's President Luis Echeverria recently urged Mexican scientists and intellectuals to develop a more nationalistic mentality and avoid producing "useful elements to the great international interests" because "the large multinational companies distort and divide the economies of the developing countries." Similar injunctions can be heard in almost every Latin American country.

Washington seems untroubled by the anguished shouting because there are diverse and devious means of keeping the Latin Americans under control, chief among them being money. Shortly after John Connally took over the Treasury, the White House moved to de-Latinize the IDB. Felipe Herrera, at that time the head of the bank, was judged to be too chummy with his fellow Chilean, President Allende, and was eased out; so was his assistant, T. Graydon Upton. A no-nonsense Southerner, Henry J. Costanzo, replaced Upton in the powerful executive vice presidency. The Latin Americans were in no position to protest these changes although they own 55 per cent of the bank's shares. The United States may only have 35 per cent of the shares but it has supplied most of the IDB's $5 billion in loans, and it is not about to let the Latin Americans forget it. (They could hardly do so in any case, since their economies are in hock for $4.9 billion to the IDB and other lending institutions.)

The next step in the carefully rehearsed plan was to bring the Europeans into the bank. Canada already owns 6 per cent of the shares which meant that only 4 per cent were available to the Europeans and the Japanese—hardly a tempting proposition at first sight. However, the bank's real purpose, at least in the U.S. view, has never been to provide development capital but to serve as an instrument of pressure to protect U.S. business interests in Latin America. The Europeans and the Japanese also want to make the developing countries "safe" for their investments, and what better way to do so than through the bank! That is Washington's theory at any rate, and its emissaries are vigorously pushing the idea in the European Common Market. The United States's go-between, Great Britain, reportedly plans to sponsor a Common Market conference to drum up more support for IDB membership.

By diluting the bank's composition, the United States hopes to bring recalcitrant Latin American countries into line through the industrialized world's combined pressure. Kennecott Copper Co. already has shown the way by taking Chile to court in France and West Germany over its expropriated copper mines.

While there has been no evidence of a European stampede to join the IDB, Washington's theory of how to deal with the developing countries already has found wide acceptance in Europe. Bankers are discussing the possibility of offering developing countries the choice of holding foreign reserves in blue-chip stocks, usually multinational companies, instead of in devaluing dollars. As Gaylord Freeman, chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago, argues in the London monthly *Euromoney*, these countries would then quickly develop a keen interest in protecting their investments and presumably would be willing to help discipline any nation that tampered with corporate assets.

Brazil already has been chosen as Washington's Trojan Horse for Nixon's scheme of things. U.S. investment continues to pour into the South American giant, and with the military dictatorship tightly in control, there seems no end in sight to the possibilities for U.S. capital. So convinced is President Nixon of Brazil's role as the continent's preordained leader that he has appointed a Brazilian specialist, Jack Kubisch, as the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

Even the best laid plans tend to go awry in Latin America, however, and while President Nixon may believe his vision of a corporate Latin America will reward the just, few of his Latin colleagues share that trust. Most of the Latin American countries have reconciled themselves to the OAS's inefficacy (Fidel Castro calls it a "garbage dump"), yet they do not believe relations with the United States will improve by scrapping it. There simply is no way around the fact that Latin America depends on the United States to buy 34 per cent of its exports. The OAS charter may be amended and reamended, the system itself reorganized, but none of these alterations will resolve the Latin Americans' lingering and well-justified complaint about the poor terms of trade with the United States. Only Washington can do that.

If the Latin Americans have become reconciled to the hard facts of life in Washington, that does not mean that they fear or respect the United States, as they automatically did in the past. The political pluralism that has weakened the OAS has helped also to strengthen the Latin Americans' own sense of unity. Indeed, the very absence of any dialogue with the United States has

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forced the Latin Americans to seek one another out for the first time since the wars of independence.

Out of this new togetherness is emerging a Latin American alternative to Nixon's corporate vision, one in which producing countries band together to play off the industrialized countries, instead of vice versa. The oil-exporting nations already have proved how profitable unity can be. Now, the coffee-producing countries are doing the same, as a result of the United States's refusal to continue with the International Coffee Agreement. The copper-exporting countries are groping toward a similar unity, as are the nations producing bananas, fish and meat.

As the United States devours more and more of the world's raw materials, it may find that there is a price to pay for benign neglect, a price that the Latin Americans will exact with a vengeance. It may be, too, that the Latin Americans will work out their own methods for policing the multinational corporations instead of the other way around.

Perhaps the greatest mistake the United States has made in respect to Latin America—a mistake shared by Nixon's predecessors—has been to assume that the Latin Americans want the same things desired by Americans, and that, therefore, they can be obliged to pay a premium for them. Today many Latin Americans are asking themselves whether they really need all those foreign automobile assembly plants or all those different brands of aspirin. They are wondering why they should buy either capitalism or communism when an indigenous political and economic philosophy might serve them better. Nixon's United States, with all its bitter divisions, its drug addiction, high crime rate and inflation, hardly seems an ideal model, after all.

Manuel Ulloa, a former Peruvian finance minister whose newspaper was confiscated by the military regime after the 1969 coup, recalls his bitter experiences with the United States in the days immediately preceding the revolution as a "total breakdown in communications." Ulloa, who was negotiating a new contract with Standard Oil's subsidiary, claims his government "tried to reach an agreement which would be fair and equitable to both sides. But what happened? The State Department and the U.S. business community strongly pressured the government, making it clear that such a settlement would be unacceptable in the United States.

"If they had not been so obstinate, if they had only listened to our point of view, the issue might have been resolved. There would have been no coup and Standard Oil might still own its Peruvian subsidiary. But the United States never listens to anyone in Latin America until it is too late."

Fidel Castro said the same thing in 1959. □

WARMING UP FOR WATERGATE

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

On October 20, 1962, as Richard M. Nixon desperately scrambled to overtake incumbent Edmund G. (Pat) Brown in the California gubernatorial election, newspapers in that state received a strikingly professional news release, on the letterhead of something called "The Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California." Now turncoat organizations proliferate in any campaign, and newsmen normally give them little more attention than a cocked eyebrow (in 1968, for instance, my newspaper bureau in Washington got a mailing from "Dixiecrats for Dick Gregory," which I put into my political pathology file, rather than into print). But the California "Democratic" release had the patina of authenticity. It declared:

> First returns of a poll being circulated to more than one hundred thousand Democrats throughout California indicate that:
>
> *Nine out of ten registered Democrats* flatly reject the "ultra-liberal" California Democratic Council (CDC).
>
> *The voice of the rank-and-file Democrats* is now being heard, and that voice is speaking out loud and clear against the CDC and all that it represents.
>
> *Financial support has been pouring in from all over the state*, providing means of expanding our poll and permitting thousands of *rank-and-file Democrats* to express themselves on this imperative question.

The news release, relic of a decade-old political campaign, is relevant today because it proved to be a warm-up for Watergate. First of all, it abounded in flagrant, deliberate lies—lies I italicized for future reference—and was intended to mislead both the press and the public in the crucial two weeks before elections. Second, it resulted from a covert political operation conceived, directed and approved by Richard Nixon and his campaign manager, H. R. Haldeman. Finally, the 1962 California scheme parallels in many respects the bag of dirty tricks —rigged polls, generated letters and bogus front groups— that the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP) emptied on the American public in 1972.

One significant difference thus far separates California 1962 from Watergate 1972: a California court nailed Richard Nixon with direct responsibility for the earlier episode, and so stated in a formal opinion. As of this writing (May 9) Watergate has been put inside Nixon's door, but not into his lap (although Haldeman must have felt a surge of political *déjà vu* as he fled the White House). In his April 30th television appearance Nixon painfully claimed that 1972 was different from other elec-

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tions. Previously, he said, "I have always insisted on running my own campaigns for office." But in 1972, for the first time in his twenty-seven-year political career, "I sought to delegate campaign operations and to remove the day-to-day campaign decisions from the President's office and from the White House."

The 1962 chicanery is useful, therefore, as unchallenged documentation of the moral guidelines Nixon followed in the years when he—and not subordinates—made crucial campaign decisions. It is also useful in staking out the parameters of what Haldeman, managing his first Nixon campaign, was willing to do to win an election. The episode is detailed in an opinion by Judge Byron Arnold, of the California Superior Court, dated October 30, 1964. The opinion made final a preliminary injunction the Democratic State Central Committee had obtained in 1962. The case is formally styled *Democratic State Central Committee* v. *Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California et al, cause #526150.* Readers wishing convenient access to the opinion are directed to pages S-8377-73 of the *Congressional Record* of May 7, 1973, where Sen. Floyd K. Haskell (D., Col.) provided one of the more interesting for-the-record insertions of the session. Before the details, a bit of background to set the stage for the Nixon-directed backstairs operation.

Pat Brown was by no means the most popular man in California in 1962, and a sizable minority of Democrats wanted to dump him. But Brown persevered, and won renomination with the staunch support of the California Democratic Council (CDC), long identified as the party's progressive wing. Democratic conservatives went into the campaign in sour moods, mad at the CDC, ripe to be plucked by the opposition.

But how to lure these dissidents into voting for Nixon? California has its share of locked-in Democrats—people who fear, in the dread of night, that if a man votes Republican, his hair will drop out. The Nixon people, casting about for ideas on how to subvert these wavering Democrats, hit upon a cunning (and essentially dishonest) stratagem. They would wrap into one unsavory package a rigged "poll," a dash of red-baiting, impersonation of the enemy. In sum, they would lie, and hope to deceive enough people to win an election.

The medium chosen by Nixon was a bogus postcard "poll" of Democrats, couched in language that was more inflammatory than interrogatory. In the words of Judge Arnold:

> In October 1962, a circular to Democrats was drafted which purported to express the concern of genuine Democrats for the welfare of the Democratic Party and their fear that the party would be destroyed if candidates supported by the California Democratic Council . . . including primarily Governor Brown, were elected in the November 1962 election. It appealed for the support and money of Democrats in fighting the CDC and certain policies attributed to it and cast aspersions on the Democratic candidates endorsed by it.

The circular was drafted in the form of a postcard. As Judge Arnold states, "This postcard poll was reviewed, amended and finally approved by Mr. Nixon personally."

The card was mailed with a covering letter—also approved by Nixon, after editing—which hammered home scare phrase after scare phrase: "takeover by left-wing forces"; "organization whose objectives are foreign to those of most Americans"; "left-wing takeover of California's political leadership"; "left-wing cancer." The letter declared: "The CDC's leaders even refused at the last Democratic convention to let the party adopt a resolution to bar Communists from the party organization—the last straw among people who don't want our state ruined by any organization whose objectives are foreign to those of most Americans!"

Conrad; Los Angeles Times

The accompanying postcard stated that "in view of the increasing domination of the Democratic Party" by CDC "we are anxious to obtain an opinion sampling of California Democrats." The card asked whether the voter agreed or disagreed with seven alleged "viewpoints" of CDC:

Admitting Red China into the United Nations.
Moratorium on U.S. nuclear testing.
Allowing subversives to speak on college campuses.
Abolition of state and federal loyalty oaths.
Abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.
Foreign aid to countries with Communist governments.
Refusal to bar Communists from the Democratic Party.

As Judge Arnold pointed out, these seven points "were substantially the same as charges made repeatedly by Mr. Nixon in his campaign speeches."

The postcard then proceeded to ask what disgusted Democrats should do: demand that candidates disclaim the CDC; refuse to support candidates who didn't denounce the CDC; or "support a Republican candidate rather than sell out the party and the state government to CDC objectives." It ended with an appeal for a con-

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tribution of money "to preserve our democratic processes and cut off the CDC handcuffs." The card was signed by the Committee to Preserve the Democratic Party in California, Crocker Anglo Bank, One Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The card did not contain a single hint that it originated from within the Nixon campaign committee, and that candidate Nixon had edited and approved its language.

Despite its professed concern for the California Democratic Party, "The Committee to Preserve the Democratic Party in California" was a direct creation of the Nixon campaign organization. It "consisted at most of twenty or thirty members," Judge Arnold wrote.

The mechanics of printing and circulating the "poll" were entrusted to Robinson & Co., Inc., of San Francisco. The firm's president, Joseph Robinson, is a professional political pollster and fund raiser for campaigns. Neither his name, nor that of his company, appeared on the poll cards. On September 19, 1962, Robinson sent a billing to the Nixon for Governor Campaign Committee ("Attention: Robert Haldeman, campaign manager") which detailed his assignment:

> Statewide mailing of 900,000 *conservative Democrats* [*emphasis added*], also handling and tabulating poll:
>
> 900,000 Double Post Cards, addressed to *conservative Democrats*, one to a family, throughout California; 8½ x 11, printed two colors, stock as selected; pre-paid third class postage on mail going out at 2½¢ each; pre-paid postage on returns up to 10% of mailing at the rate of 6¢ each, first class postage; sort by cities, tie and mail per agreement dated September 12, 1962.
>
> Total for complete mailing: $94,500.

Robinson's political inclinations are unknown, but his billing memo made plain that he did not intend to be left holding the bag if the Nixon campaign suddenly ran out of cash:

> We understand that there is a present shortage of funds which Mr. Haldeman feels probably will be corrected in the course of the work. Under the circumstances, however, in order not to incur any indebtedness beyond the ability of the campaign to pay, we will halt the job when we have completed the appeal to only ⅔ of the *conservative Democrats* of the state, and have spent up to $60,000. At this point in the work, which will occur about October 5, we will check with Mr. Haldeman to determine the financial feasibility of completing the job before continuing.

Now is as convenient a point as any to begin nailing down lies in this Nixon-directed operation.

Claim: The press release asserted that the poll covered "rank-and-file Democrats" and claimed that "nine out of ten registered Democrats" had renounced CDC. Despite the fuzzy language, the intent of the release was that Governor Brown represented only a minute minority of his party.

Fact: Robinson's billing to H. R. Haldeman states three times that his target audience for the mailing was *conservative* Democrats; that is, the party faction outvoted by the CDC earlier in 1962.

Claim: The October 20 press release quoted the front group's "executive secretary," one William Marlin: "financial support has been pouring in from all over the state, providing means of expanding our poll, and permitting thousands of rank-and-file Democrats to express themselves on this imperative question."

Fact: "Pouring in" is a highly subjective phrase, but front-man Marlin apparently was equipped with a small-bore faucet. Gross contributions resulting from his mailing were $368.50.

No matter, for Marlin's committee, of course, was not paying its own bills anyway. This money came from Nixon's people. Not directly to the bogus committee, however, for such payments must be reported. Instead, the Nixon for Governor Finance Committee paid fees directly to Robinson & Co.—separate checks for $35,000 each, written October 5 and October 22, 1962. The finance committee, in its required report to the California Secretary of State, listed these expenditures in a general category entitled "advertising agencies and publicity agents." The name of Robinson & Co. did not appear on the postcard mailings, so the $70,000 payment was effectively shielded.

Well, almost, anyway. Such a large mailing, unsurprisingly, caught the attention of regular Democrats. On October 22 Roger Kent, Northern California Democratic chairman, cried foul and obtained a temporary restraining order against further distribution of the "poll" results or the solicitation of funds under the guise of a "Democratic" committee.

Front-man Marlin didn't flinch. He fired back a press release calling Kent a "one man censor" who sought to "prevent public access to the results of one of the largest polls ever undertaken in U.S. political history." Here again is the foolhardy Marlin, stating through a press release:

> *Every one of Kent's charges is completely false.* Kent had charged that our committee is a front for Republicans. We have had offers of help [*sic*] from many sources—Republicans as well as Democrats—and are grateful for it. But every one of our members is a loyal and responsible Democrat whose *single objective* is to inform our fellow Democrats that left-wing Democrats are moving to capture . . . etc., etc.

One dislikes to challenge Marlin's motivations, or to dispute his *single objective*, but as Judge Arnold pointed out in his opinion, Marlin "was paid $750 for his services" by the Nixon election committee.

Indeed, the front man was so confident of his operation that he sent the press yet another memo intended to reinforce his fallacious claim that he worked for disgruntled Democrats, rather than the Republican candidate. Marlin's memo is worth quoting at length as a prime specimen of what can charitably be called artful language—a short course in how to avoid the truth without actually lying. The memo was in the form of questions and answers about the Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California:

> *Q. How are you being financed?*
>
> A. We have appealed to Democrats throughout the State, and so far their support has been most encouraging and helpful. An appeal has been sent to some 50,000 registered Democrats—along with a poll on their reactions to the CDC. We are hopeful that we

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will receive enough financial support to expand this list to some one million Democrats in California.

Q. Are you receiving any Republican money?

A. We are not refusing any contributions—and naturally, the Republicans are interested in this campaign. We are considering extending our fund-appeal to Republicans, as we believe all citizens should be concerned with the power-grabbing strategy of the CDC. [By this time, the Nixon campaign committee had already given Marlin's "committee" its total operating budget of $70,000.]

Q. Who makes up your committee?

A. As everyone knows, the CDC is a powerful organization difficult to oppose. For this reason we plan on releasing the names of our committee on a day-by-day basis as they make their statements—thus keeping the timing of these announcements at our discretion, rather than the CDC's. We believe that these names, as released, will come as quite a shock to the CDC—for these are prominent Democrats of responsible views and position.

This last paragraph implies that the CDC would pick up any identified defecting Democrats and take them out in the woods and knock them on the head. Actually, the bogus "Democratic" committee had two figurehead co-chairmen—Austin Healy and Harry J. Boyle—who had long managed to conceal any prominence in party affairs. Had Marlin been forced to come up with names of "committee members" his shell operation would have collapsed, and publicly.

Thus the committee: two obscure, back-bench Democrats as ostensible co-chairmen; hired hand Marlin as public spokesman; a professional publicist in the wings, grinding out press releases (for this chore the Nixon people paid $1,000 to a man named Ed Fitzharris); and $70,000 for the direct mailing operation.

How important was the false committee scheme in Nixon's overall campaign?

The record suggests that Nixon banked heavily upon the false-front Democrats. As Judge Arnold pointed out in his opinion, the $70,000 payment to Robinson & Co. "was the largest single item of expenditure for payment of personnel reported to state officials by the Nixon organization." (Nixon's finance chairman, John Robert White, reported total spending of $1,421,653.)

Why did the bogus committee issue slip into the cracks and there lie hidden until Watergate sent reporters scurrying for past evidence of Nixon campaign misdeeds? Normally nothing is deader than a political lawsuit on the day after election. In this instance, the Democratic state organization chose to press ahead for a final order, and so obtained it from Judge Arnold in 1964. But aside from putting personal responsibility for the fraud on Nixon and Haldeman, Judge Arnold's order was of negligible practical value—in effect, it barred the Nixon campaign organization and its front groups from further mischief in an election that had been decided (Brown won) two years earlier. (The legitimate Democrats did collect the $368.50 the bogus group had gathered in contributions; their court expenses, however, were more than $10,000.) So the Nixon-Haldeman stunt drifted out of sight. In fact, it isn't even mentioned in what I had considered to be the best pre-Presidential Nixon biography, *Nixon*, by Earl Mazo and Stephen Hess, published by Harper & Row in 1968. Hess conceivably was willing to let the episode die. He had worked for Nixon in the 1962 campaign, receiving, according to campaign expenditure records, $15,000—also under the category "advertising agencies and publicity agents."

What bearings do these decade-old shenanigans have on the Watergate mess, that complex of political and national corruption? The answer is very straightforward: in 1962, Nixon campaign assistants laid out a dishonest plan to their master, one that violated the dictates both of human conscience and the law. Nixon not only approved it, he *improved* upon it, according to the court's finding, by editing and revising. In 1972, by Nixon's testimony, his men worked on their own, and he let them make the detail decisions.

No matter, they knew what the Boss wanted, and they knew the boundaries of his political ethics. They had learned them in California, in the warm-up for Watergate. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 674)*

and Iran has announced that it will not renew the oil leases of foreign firms when they expire in 1979. Iraq has nationalized the North Ramillah oil fields without compensation, and has withstood a boycott organized by the major oil firms. Libya has nationalized the assets on its soil of British Petroleum. . . .

India has enacted legislation requiring that all future firms established in that nation have 60 per cent Indian ownership. France has refused Heinz the right to buy out two French food-processing firms, and Westinghouse the right to buy out Jeumont-Schneider, the largest French electrical equipment manufacturer. Britain has blocked an effort by Burroughs to buy out International Computers Ltd., the largest British computer builder. None of this indicates an indifference by progressive nations to the implications of expansionism by the huge corporate empires, or a reluctance to confront them.

Canada was held up as an almost terminal case of foreign domination, but even here the forces of national resistance are stirring. The national government, in response to popular demand, is bringing in a Takeover Review Bill, which will theoretically allow only such foreign takeovers as are in conformity with the public weal. The provincial government of British Columbia, under the Socialist-leaning New Democratic Party, has bought out local paper mills owned by Celanese and Crown Zellerbach, two of the larger U.S. firms in this field, and the Newfoundland Government has taken over an uncompleted $140 million paper mill project in that province.

The governments of Quebec and Nova Scotia have taken over the steel mills of British-owned Dosco; the government of Saskatchewan has recently forestalled the takeover of a local steel mill by a Canadian affiliate of the British Steel Corp. . . . Since 1970, Frigidaire, Kelvinator and Ford-Philco have all discontinued the production of appliances in Canada because of the competition offered by Canadian-owned firms. The national government last year required that foreign-owned firms sell off control of Canadian cable television companies in a $150 million operation. . . .

Edward Carrigan
Committee for an Independent Canada

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POETRY IN TRANSLATION—II

Latin American Literature—Transcending Politics

DOORS AND MIRRORS: Fiction and Poetry from Spanish America (1920-1970. *Selected and Edited by Hortense Carpentier and Janet Brof. Grossman Publishers. 454 pp. $15.*

NEW POEMS (1968-1970). *By Pablo Neruda. Translated and edited by Ben Belitt. Grove Press. 133 pp. $5.95.*

NOTHING IN THE WORD: Versions of Aztec Poetry. *By Stephen Berg. A Mushinsha Book: Grossman Publishers. 112 pp. $20. Paper $3.95.*

STEPHEN G. NICHOLS, Jr.

While most North Americans can claim some familiarity with Latin American food, music and politics—even feeling guilt over our role in the latter—the astonishing vigor and beauty of Latin American poetry and fiction have been all but unknown to most people in the United States, with the exception of a few names: Octavio Paz, Jorge Luis Borges, Pablo Neruda. Within the last few years, some effort has been made to overcome this neglect, as talented poets and translators in the United States have turned their attention to rendering contemporary Latin American literature into English. Last year alone saw the publication of three books which deserve to be read and reread. The first, *Doors and Mirrors,* is an anthology with a broad enough selection of short stories and poems to provide the reader with a good sense of the depth and variety of the Latin American literary achievement of the last half century. The second is a bilingual edition of the poetic *oeuvre* of Pablo Neruda, Chile's Nobel laureate, between 1968 and 1970. Ben Belitt, the editor and translator, has written an excellent introduction that takes issue with the tendency on the part of some North American exponents of this poetry to oversimplify the work they present. Finally, Stephen Berg has reworked 16th-century Spanish translations of Aztec poetry into moving contemporary English verse whose interest goes beyond the purely historical.

It is fashionable at present to decry the impact of situation on a writer's work. History, life experience, commitment—all these elements which bear on a particular artist at a particular moment, exerting a subtle influence on the shape of his creation, are now to be dismissed as of secondary importance. To anyone who reads the poetry and fiction in these volumes one thing is certain: situation is central to this art and the consciousness it expresses. This is as true of those persons who are writing Latin American fiction and poetry as for those who are writing about it.

Initially, the task of the Latin American writer was seen as one of freeing himself from the domination of European models and, even more important, from the stereotyped, folkloric South American invented by European romantics. An authentic Latin American creative autonomy had to be discovered, and it could be done only by discovering an authentic Latin American identity, an identity that was not "the European's fantasy of Latin America returned to him with the appearance of reality" (*Doors and Mirrors,* p. 4).

But where was that identity to be discovered: in the Indian past, whose myths surrealism had helped modern man appreciate afresh? In the existing Latin American societies "where injustice is law, those paradises of ignorance, exploitation, of blinding inequalities, of poverty, with economic, cultural and moral alienation"? (*Doors and Mirrors,* p. 4). Or perhaps in a Utopian future which literature could help to build?

All of these paths have been explored in the quest for identity, including, paradoxically, that of reconciliation with the European tradition. Neruda describes himself as "a Castilian, rather than an Indian poet" (*New Poems,* p. xxii), but this did not prevent him from choosing Machu Picchu as the setting and title for one of his long poem-sequences:

Then up the ladder of earth I climbed,
through the atrocious tangle of lost
forests,
up to you, Machu Picchu.
Lofty city of laddered stones,
ultimate dwelling of all not wrapped
by earth in mantles of sleep.
In you as in two parallel lines
the cradle of man and lightning
rocked in a wind of thorns.
Stone mother, spume of the condors.
Lofty reef of the human dawn.
(Doors and Mirrors, p. 129.)

The Peruvian, César Vallejo, on the other hand, is characterized as an Indian poet, but this does not prevent him from writing poems of anguished commitment that are reminiscent of Brecht, as in one

Stephen G. Nichols teaches comparative literature at Dartmouth College.

Poetry in Translation: Personal and Political

'All Deities Reside in The Human Breast'

This is the second of three projected issues of *The Nation* devoted to an international forum on poetry. In an essay introducing the series, "Political Poetry: Dual Vision" (*The Nation,* April 2), I wrote that because of the need to explore the innermost self when writing of public events, the most political poetry was often the most profoundly personal.

Many of the poems in this issue incarnate that principle. Anna Akhmatova's life was a series of disasters: after her husband, Nikolai Gumilev, was shot by the Bolsheviks in the early 1920s, her son was sent to a labor camp in Siberia and she herself lived through years of anguish in Leningrad. Her poems express a powerful *personal* awareness of suffering and joy. Natalya Gorbanyevskaya's poetry transcends the political activity that has shaped her life to express the psychic reality of her suffering. And the poetry of García Lorca and Alberti are embodiments of the need to move inward when writing in response to social and political pressures.

Although the written tradition gives scope to personal utterance, even the Eskimo versions in this issue, which were composed for public performances, articulate individual suffering and joy.

The best political poetry combines artistic commitment with human concern, often approximating that journey inward from the contemplation of worldly things.

GRACE SCHULMAN, *Poetry Editor*

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in *Doors and Mirrors* entitled "The Wretched of the Earth";

The day's going to come; wind
up your arm, look for yourself under
your mattress, stand again
on your head in order to walk straight.
. . .
The day's going to come; grip
your large intestine tight in your hand,
reflect
before you meditate, for it's awful
when the wretchedness hits you
and your tooth falls out by its roots.

But whether it was the Indian heritage they chose, the Castilian tradition, or a mode foreign to either, such as surrealism—

And yet I know you are somewhere
Between your footsteps and death
With the planetary joy of a flower
emerging from each eye —

Latin American writers have had to struggle against an inauspicious situation, an environment wherein writers found they could not exist as such, where they lived (as reported in *Doors and Mirrors*) "surrounded by people who in their majority did not know how to read or could not buy books, or who in their minority had no inclination to read." Mario Vargos Llosa, a Peruvian writer now living in Spain, expressed the writer's predicament in this way: "Without publishers, without readers, without a cultural environment that stimulated and pushed him, the Latin American writer has been a man who fought battles knowing full well from the very beginning that he would lose them. His vocation was not recognized by society, it was barely tolerated. . . . For in addition to not admitting literature into its midst, our societies have encouraged a constant mistrust toward this marginal being, a bit anomalous, who, against all reason, set himself to practice an art that in the Latin American circumstances was virtually unreal."

This situation has fostered a certain ambivalence on the part of writers as regards the role, the purpose of art. The Mexican poet, Octavio Paz, asserts in *La Quinzaine littéraire*, January 15, 1973, that "a poem is not incomprehensible, but inexplicable." In *New Poems*, Pablo Neruda says the same thing slightly differently:

The truth is: I never understood
anyone's messages . . .
Only the Ocean existed.

This ambivalence stems in part from a profound presentiment of the ultimate futility of life, a futility already manifest in the Aztec poems:

in god's house
I was born for nothing
for nothing I am leaving the earth
BROKEN!
because I cry
because I am desperate
I am left alone
there is no compassion on earth
how can I live among men
even at your side
god
I am bitter
(Nothing in the Word)

But the same sense of futility has numerous echoes in the work contained in *Doors and Mirrors*. Stories by Felisberto Hernandez, Roberto Arlt, Miguel Angel Asturias, Jorge Luis Borges, Augusto Roa Bastos, Juan Carlo Onetti, René Marqués, Ricardo Ocampo, Salvador Elizondo and Enrique Lihn, although diverse in setting and treatment, all stress what Neruda has called, in *New Poems*, "the loneliness, the anguish, and the horror of things." This perception of life transcends political commitment and aesthetic categories; it is simply the way life is perceived when stripped of the myths society imposes on it.

Stripping the myths away from life, the paradoxical act of creative destruction, suggests the conviction, held by these writers, that "literature," in the words of Llosa, "is fire, that it signifies non-conformism and rebellion, and that the writer's very reason for being is protest, contradiction and criticism" (*Doors and Mirrors*). This is a positive, not a negative act, undertaken in spite of the conviction that life is futile.

The source of this positive assertion is the feeling for nature that permeates this art. Poet after poet, writer after writer, projects the conviction that it is the land itself, a land overshadowed by nature, that rejects the social myths the white man has tried to impose upon it, himself and its indigenous inhabitants. It is the land that teaches life values; one discovers personal and collective identity in a dialectic with the land. Nature, the mountains, the jungle, the sea are opposed to the city, the home of dictators, false materialist values and loneliness. This knowledge may be found in the poetry of the earliest inhabitants:

You who give life
worshipped with flowers
we kneel down we please you
between drums draped with flowers
oh king of the Palace of Waters
all the great gods live in your faith
the masters
sigh through flowers
(Nothing in the Word)

but it is no less powerfully present in contemporary poets like Neruda:

The sun grows from a seed
to its exigent splendor,
washes the world with its light,
lies down to die every day
under dark sheets
in the seminal night,
leaving its eggs in the dew
to be born again in the morning.
I ask for the same resurrection,
solar, fastidious,
germinal after my fashion:
I would sleep
in the moon's linens,
a modest begetter, wed
to my own terrestrial substances.
(New Poems)

Or in the black Cuban poet, Nicolás Guillén:

Do you know the sailing waters of my
blood,
my geography covered with dark
forests,
with deep and bitter valleys
that don't appear on maps?
Did you ever visit my abysses,
my underground galleries
with immense seeping rocks,
islands jutting up out of black lakes
where I feel the pure stream
of ancient waters
pouring down from my steep heart
with a refreshing deep roar
into a place filled with burning trees,
monkeys like ropedancers,
parrots, lawmakers and snakes?
(Doors and Mirrors)

These are moments of transformation; man becomes nature, all the complexity, mystery, contradiction of the subconscious are metamorphosed into elemental forces. The avatar of this longing for integration with nature is Rimbaud's *Bateau ivre*. But whereas a Rimbaud felt a desperate need to separate himself from a European continent that had destroyed the meaning of nature, Latin American authors seek an identity with their continent (and islands) where nature is still a vital force. Whereas Rimbaud had to acknowledge that his own race was responsible for destroying natural forms—forms of life and forms of expression—Latin American authors can point to foreign empires, European and North American, that have attempted this in South America. The true Latin American identity is that which exposes and resists the efforts of those within and without who seek to destroy this elemental force.

It would be a mistake, however, to see Latin American poetry and fiction entirely as a political force. Writing in *La Quinzaine littéraire*, the prolific Argentine writer, Borges, sees the importance of poetry as lying precisely "in the fact that it expresses universal experiences, experiences which correspond not only to the poet's perspective, but also to that of his readers." Ben Belitt is right in stressing that besides the committed Neruda, the Neruda of the Spanish Civil War, Neruda the Communist

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Two Spanish Poems

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936), whose poetry is intensely personal, was born in Granada. He was killed in that city during its occupation by the Falangists. Rafael Alberti (born 1902), in exile from Spain since the Spanish Civil War, lived in Buenos Aires and now lives in Rome.

PRECIOSA AND THE WIND

(For Damaso Alonso)
(Translated from the Spanish by Robert Bly)

Preciosa comes along,
playing her parchment moon,
down an amphibious path
of laurel trees and water lights.
The silence without stars
fleeing from all this noise
falls over where the high seas sing
about their fish-filled night.
The sentries on the mountain
peaks are asleep,
keeping watch over the white
towers where the English live.
And the river gypsies
to pass the time build summer
houses out of seashells
and evergreen boughs.

* * *

Preciosa strolls along,
picking her parchment moon.
Seeing her, the wind
who never sleeps rises,
and St. Christopher, huge and naked,
a storehouse of divine tongues,
watches the girl playing
on some soft and absent pipes.
"Sweetheart, let me lift up
your dress to have a look.
Open the blue rose
of your belly for my old fingers."

* * *

Preciosa tosses the tambourine
and runs wildly.
The horny wind runs after
with a hot sword.
The sea puckers up her sound.
The olives turn pale.
The flutes of darkness call,
and the sleek gong of the snow.

Run, Preciosa, run!
The green wind will get you!
Run, Preciosa, run!
Look he's gaining on you!
Goat-man of deep-voiced stars
with luminous tongues.

* * *

Terrified, Preciosa
runs into the villa—
—high above the fir trees—
where the English consul lives.

Three sentries awakened
by her cries come down,
their black capes buckled,
shakos too far down.

The Englishman gives a glass
of warm milk to the gypsy,
and a shot of gin,
which Preciosa refuses.

All the time she's telling
—crying—her adventure,
the wind, enraged, bites
the tiles on the roof.

Federico García Lorca

BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY IDLERS

(Translated from the Spanish by Mark Strand)

They are sitting and looking.
Not doing a thing.

They are twenty or thirty years old.
And they are sitting and looking.

What are they looking at?
They're looking at nothing.
What are they listening to?
They're listening to nothing.

What do they talk about when they talk,
not doing a thing?
Boredom has placed
a blank on their faces;
their foreheads are peaceful
and their hands always limp
which is why that motionless stone
sits on their faces.

There is no news. And waves
from the world barely reach them.
And if they reach them, they don't listen.
And if they listen, they hear nothing.

They are less than those horses
and cows
grazing together and looking
from time to time at the river.

They are less than the bleating
sheep,
than the hummingbird sucking
flowers for them,
than the windmill bringing up
water for them,
than those thieves passing by
robbing fruit trees for them.
They are less than the thieves
passing by.

They keep on sitting and looking.
Not doing a thing.
Other hands have already gotten
tired for them.
And now, they rest.
Sitting, they rest.

Rafael Alberti

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candidate for the Presidency of Chile, there is an unknown Neruda who transcends political commitment in the narrow sense. This Neruda, and many other poets, reveals the strong lyric strain in Latin American poetry, a feeling that the song is worth singing for the self-discovery it gives to poet and reader. Here again, one touches upon a truth first expressed by the Aztecs:

my mouth is full of cries
your flowers your songs
cover the place of mystery
heart
is the truth inside you
(Nothing in the Word)

But self-discovery is not to be confused with maudlin palinode. Poetry cuts to the quick:

We must shake up the box of our language,
startle the vocables
till they circle like seagulls;
we must pound out
the mud like a batter
till it sings;
all must be soiled with our tears,
washed with our blood,
all take the violet's tint
till a river leaps forth
(New Poems)

In the final analysis, the most exciting thing the reader discovers in Latin American literature is that it matters; it is capable of cutting to the quick. □

Radnoti: Returning to Himself

CLOUDED SKY. *By Miklos Radnoti. Translated by Steven Polnar, Stephen Berg and F. J. Marks. Harper & Row. 113 pp. $3.95.*

TODD GITLIN

The scant biographical note included with this superb translation does not reveal much of Radnoti's politics, but enough to make a frame for his poetry. Born in Hungary in 1909, Radnoti opposed the Horthy regime, and was imprisoned in work camps from 1940 until, in 1944, he was beaten to death along with other prisoners. In 1946 his wife found his body and, in his coat, his last poems. The dates of the poems are therefore especially significant, and it is good that they are included. The poems compel an imagination of the life, which is one of the accomplishments of good poetry. These are poems that reveal a breathing consciousness in jeopardy; it is as if every word counts, it could be the last; but the poetry is far from pretentious, in the style of much poetry about the more slippery American nightmare. Much American political poetry (with the notable exception of the work of the Vietnam veterans) is limited by the very remoteness of that reality which informs it: the Vietnam torment. American political poets are, I think, at their best when they find language for the political stresses that directly distort and sometimes empower their own lives. Radnoti has nothing but his life in which to locate his agony. He writes not *for* history, but *in* it, and knowing this charges each word with a special poignancy. Knowing he is a victim, Radnoti triumphs over his victimization.

Perhaps this is most clear in the poem "Friday":

April is crazy.
The sun won't come out.
I drank for a week
and only got more sober.

April is crazy.
Its frost whips you.
Somebody writes, and each week
sells out his country.

April is crazy.
Snow covers everything and creaks.
Many have run away
and it cracked their hearts.

April is crazy.
It whines over the frost.
Three of my friends have left
and all three are lost.

April is crazy.
Sometimes a wild rain falls.
One man is insane and doesn't
even know what happened.

April is crazy.
Many rivers are flooded.
The second died
with two bullets in his brain.

Four days ago they killed him.
The third is a prisoner.
Frost pinches the fruit off.
A smile circles my mouth.

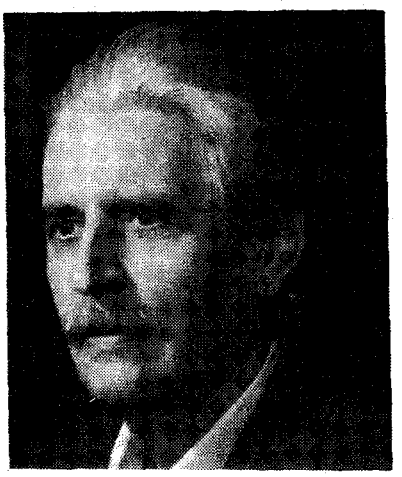
I hear, "Take care of yourself.
That's how you'll pay them back!"

April is then "the cruelest month" for the most raw, life-and-death reasons, the lines on nature ironically underscoring the intimacy of human suffering.

Todd Gitlin is co-author of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago *(Harper & Row) and editor of* Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from the Movement *(Bobbs-Merrill). He teaches at the New College of California State University, San Jose.*

'Reputation absolutely unshakeable in the future'
—MARVIN MALONE, veteran editor of The Wormwood Review

THE GLORY and THE SHAME
Poems by Walter Snow
(1927-1944 and 1967-1972)



'EXCITING . . . UNCOMPROMISING, LUCID RADICALISM . . . The voice is clear and sure; that's the main thing. It comes through in poem after poem, your own intensity . . . forceful and clear, with your eye always on the object. The long [title] poem catches you best [on poet Wordsworth as rebel and later turncoat] . . . **Bound in Shallows: Ben Jonson Recalls an Obscure Playwright** (300 lines) is a strong poem, well put together, the voice acutely toned. And a dramatic idea. I especially like the poem on the Spanish Civil War . . . "Soledad Brother" Jackson, the other Blacks, the U.S. Civil War and Reconstruction people. You have a fine, workmanlike, sharp style, driven by strong and intelligent feeling, shaped by personal experience. A VERY PRECISE SENSE OF THE ERA . . . I'm sure I'll be turning to your book in the COMING MONTHS AND YEARS."
—HAYDEN CARRUTH, poet of 1973's **From Snow and Rock, From Chaos,** 1970's **For You**; Anthologist of **The Voice That Is Great Within Us: American Poetry of the 20th Century.**

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The rhythm of the first seven stanzas makes the last two lines especially moving; they become a kind of grace note, a catch in the throat. This is a technique that Radnoti uses often but never automatically, as a way to salvage hope from desperation, or desperation from hope. Instead of a mannerism, it becomes a dispensation, a reminder of his actual situation. The grace note is a surprise, but not a surprise that you are expecting, as in some of the work of Robert Lowell. Consider the last stanza of "Autumn Begins Impatiently":

Love me joyfully, don't go away, drift with me into the dark sky of dreams. Let's sleep. The thrush sleeps outside, the walnut falls on the moist leafy soil and doesn't make a sound. Reason falls apart.

Or "Song," in which Radnoti has his redemption snatched away:

Even the distant stars
hide behind clouds.
I stumble through the night
to the shores where reeds grow.

Where reeds grow
nobody walks with me now
and I haven't really wanted
to dance for a long time.

Or "Maybe. . . .":

Maybe if I were a child again . . .
or could go crazy.

The world getting bigger and bigger . . .
then I would play and float,
then the sun would blaze again,
then the distance would burn up with light.

The net of logic opens
and shuts again.

Or "Are You Surprised, Love":

. . . I smile because
even seeds hiding in the earth are happy when they've outlived
another winter. I think about you, love, and love,
a sleepy mood, walks like a tiger and toys with me.

Or "Like Memory," which concludes a lyric of nostalgia with:

Death changes the way we look at the past—
asleep in alien pastures and distant forests,
those who are not buried will sit at our table,
they will hide in the smiles of the women and drink from our glasses.

Radnoti is always returning to himself, a dark thing in the sad sodden brightness. The sky is often in focus, but the unforgettable clouds finally take over. Yet in examining his peril Radnoti achieves clarity without mawkishness,

Poems of Anna Akhmatova

Translated from the Russian by STANLEY KUNITZ, with MAX HAYWARD

Anna Andreyevna Akhmatova (1889-1966) of St. Petersburg, who lived through part of the Leningrad siege and underwent years of hardships that followed it, has had a profound influence on current Russian writers. Two of these poems were composed in the poetic renaissance that took place during the Revolution of 1917; a third was composed during her superb late period.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOODBYE. . . .

We don't know how to say goodbye:
we wander on, shoulder to shoulder.
Already the sun is going down;
you're moody, I am your shadow.

Let's step inside a church and watch
baptisms, marriages, masses for the dead.
Why are we different from the rest?
Outdoors again, each of us turns his head.

Or else let's sit in the graveyard
on the trampled snow, sighing to each other.
That stick in your hand is tracing mansions
in which we shall always be together.

1917

NOW NOBODY WILL WANT TO LISTEN TO SONGS. . . .

Now nobody will want to listen to songs,
the bitter days foretold come over the hill.
I tell you, song, the world has no more marvels,
do not shatter my heart, learn to be still.

Not long ago, as free as any swallow,
you rode the mornings out, you braved their dangers.
Now you must wander as a hungry beggar,
desperately knocking at the doors of strangers.

1917

ALEXANDER AT THEBES

The young king must have been terrible to behold
commanding his captain: "You will destroy Thebes,"
while the city loomed in the old soldier's sight,
storied and proud, as he remembered it.

Put it all to the torch! And the king named one by one
the towers, the gates, the temples—this marvel of the world;
then brightened, as the thought leaped into words:
"Only be sure the Poet's House is spared."

Leningrad, October 1961

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self-consciousness without self-pity. A note on the difficulty of writing in his circumstances bubbles up within the poem without disrupting it, like a fish rising up but leaving the surface rippling, somehow completing it. I come to love the fish, not to resent it:

Spattered by the moon, night curves
over my head
and hunts for the little dreams that
rustle
suddenly, then take flight. But I can't
tell you what it really means to me
when I write
and feel your warm glance above my
hands.
Metaphors are useless. They come up.
I drop them.
And tomorrow I'll begin the whole
thing over again
because I'm worth about as much as
the words
in this poem and because all this ex-
cites me until
I'm only bone and a few tufts of
hair. . . .

And then he goes on to evoke his wife's presence in direct image, not metaphor. The confession serves not to cancel the poem, or to funnel it into sheer self-consciousness but to redirect it into an unmediated romance. And this is typical of Radnoti's approach: the feelings are rather simple—nostalgia, pain, hope and love (not much anger)—but they fade into and out of one another to make the poem complex, though not difficult. This is, after all, the way sequences of feelings do arrange themselves. Sometimes the new feeling erupts with a brilliance that looks for a continuation and finds it in a variation of moods that follow with a compelling logic:

Since before dawn today, the sadness
of wet umbrellas has drizzled inside me.
The sun shines uselessly,
depressing, like a two-day beard.

The well of sadness is dark. It is like
ice
but the sky still throbs on its surface.
This is how blue puts its good hands
in front of my buried life.
This is how sadness still gives me to
the sky.

(And it doesn't last long. If you listen
to me,
soon you'll hear a voice in the sky.
When the last word is spoken, talk
about
how terror cracked me in the ribs.)

In all the shifts of temper and metaphor, there is somehow a center of gravity. The same pattern is seen in "Not Even Memory, No Magic":

The world will be rebuilt again, let
them ban my poems,
my voice will be heard at the foot of
new walls.
Inside myself I live through every-

Poems of Natalya Gorbanyevskaya

Translated from the Russian by DANIEL WEISSBORT

Translator's Note: Only nine of Gorbanyevskaya's poems are known to have appeared in officially authorized Soviet journals, though her work has circulated privately and a collection was published abroad. Gorbanyevskaya, who was born in 1936, was graduated from the Philological Faculty of Leningrad University in 1963. She has worked as an engineer and a translator, has been a civil rights activist, and was one of the seven to demonstrate in Red Square on August 5, 1968 against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Because of her infant child, Gorbanyevskaya was not tried along with the other demonstrators, and she continued to agitate on their behalf, compiling an account of their trial which was published here and in England under the title, *Red Square at Noon.* In December 1969, Gorbanyevskaya was arrested, and in April 1970, was declared to be suffering from schizophrenia and placed in a psychiatric prison hospital, first in Moscow and then in Kazan, where a course of drug treatment was administered.

Gorbanyevskaya was released in February 1972, and now is recovering in Moscow from her ordeal. Although her poetry might be expected to reflect her political activity, it is actually personal, for she has had the courage to remain vulnerable. Her love poems evoke the mystique of regeneration through suffering. Hers is a poetry of pain and separation, of isolation and despair.

Forgive, forgive, always
forgive me that I
am not able to say
to you, my friend, "goodbye."

that I am not able to stop
myself in mid-flight,
to moan and to sigh,
and wave my handkerchief.

I do not sigh, I do not wake,
I do not remember what
the tall grass in the field
feels like, or how it tastes.

Denying love,
to be caught in its snare,
to lift the dark from words
as hands from the face,

and to see the light explode
over town and forest,
like a Kyrie eleison,
like a March-day slogan,

and a Mozart chorus
above the roar of drift-ice,
like the blissful cold that flows
down from the white mountains.

UNFINISHED POEM

Already past midnight, and every
other street lamp burns.
Wander about the town until
the sun appears at dawn.

Night has erased the year, the age
from the buildings' façades.
The town is bleak as a kitchen garden,
but the town is like the ark—

Floating, floating, now it sails
into dawn's bitterness,
and between the windows, at the gates,
the age, the date appears,

and on the bridge over the river
you return to yourself, weeping. . . .

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thing that is still to come.
I don't look back. I know, not even memory, no magic
will save me—there's evil in the sky.
Friend, if you see me, shrug your shoulders and turn away.
Where the angel with the sword stood before,
now, maybe, no one's there.

That luminous "maybe"!

These poems are deceptively simple, since they deal with elemental emotions, but they are rarely prosy, rarely flat, and hardly ever obscure. The confessions, the forlorn curses flung at an unheeding nation, could so easily be flattened into bleats, yet they are rich and original. "This terrifying ocean casts up its miraculous wreck"—the line bursts into the poem, as Radnoti bursts into my consciousness, murdered and brilliantly contemporary, an inspiration to those of us who suffer from memories of murders past and present, murders done to our friends and murders committed in our name. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The name of Martha Graham is hallowed. She took an assumption of tremendous import but questionable validity—that movement can reflect and express aspects of the mind—and put it to the test. The hypothesis turned out to be true. To make it come true, she had to develop a new way of moving. Aristotle said that the soul is in the stomach. The most obvious signature of "Graham movement" is the contraction, an almost spastic intake, of the stomach. All of Graham's movement is centered at the stomach, and it is this transfer of power from the back (as in ballet) to the stomach that constitutes her most profound key in the process of endowing dancing with soul—not any soul—but the ecstatic soul.

Accordingly, she has been most interested in important events and people. This, coupled with the fact that dancing is better equipped to express the elemental than the specific, has led Graham to mythic stories. She is hallowed for reviving the Greek theatre, its grandeur and brave desire to dig down and root out. She is hallowed because she has been working as a dancer and choreographer for so long a time, and because she is the mother of today's modern dancers. It would be possible to trace everything we see today to Graham, either as a continuation of or a reaction against her work. Lastly, her name is hallowed be-

Turkish Poems

Translated by

TALAT S. HALMAN

The poem "Freedom" is by Orhon Murat Aribrunu; the remainder were composed by Fazil Hüsnü Daglarca. Aribrunu (born 1918), film actor, director and poet, lives in Istanbul; Daglarca (born 1914), is one of Turkey's leading poets.

FREEDOM

All things grow toward the sky
Except the weeping willow's branches

Dearly beloved
Freedom
Why don't you grow
Towards us?

BEYOND

You'd go mad
If you really knew
That the bird in the sky
Walks

EXCLUSION

No matter
How dark
The hungry man's sleep
It keeps hungering

BIRD WITH ANCIENT WINGS

Birds
In the sky
Search
For traces of their wings

THE SONG OF IMPRISONED POETS

They locked
The world
Into our mouths
We sang poems

DISTRUSTFUL

A lame man is wiser
When he walks
He suspects and distrusts
The ground

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cause in recent years she has become rare currency. She is now 80. Her ability to dance has been dwindling for a long time. (I never saw Graham dance in her prime, or even her just-past prime.) The process of stopping dancing was painful and prolonged for her, involving a curtailment and at one point cessation of her company's activities. The Graham company appeared in New York in October 1970 and did not have another season here until this spring, May 1-13, at the Alvin Theatre on Broadway. Two and a half years is a shockingly long absence, but it apparently took that long for Graham to reconcile herself to the fact that her company could go on without her presence as a performer. In appreciation of Graham's struggle and the resolution of it, New York audiences gave her works ovations this season. At the end of each evening I attended, the clapping mounted in intensity until Graham took a curtain call, at which point the entire audience leapt to its feet in a genuine display of homage. Graham was always considered great, but this season she arrived!

The big event was not her two new ballets, *Myth of a Voyage* and *Mendicants of Evening* but a revival of the full-evening *Clytemnestra*, reputed to be one of the greatest of Graham's major works. Its extraordinary length for a modern dance, some two hours, raises the claim for its being *the* Graham opus. Too, the role of Clytemnestra was closely associated with Graham. That she was willing to teach "her" role to another dancer (in fact to two, Mary Hinkson and Pearl Lang) and let the work roll forth without her literal presence on stage (*Clytemnestra* is marked, more than other Graham ballets, by the presence of the title character) was final proof that she was able to give her full blessing to a Graham-less Graham company.

All the above is a way of saying that if Graham choreography, especially *Clytemnestra*, does not stun you with its magnificence, it is time to give up aspirations toward cultural intelligence. I am not easily or often stunned by Graham, and many times during this season, and during past ones, I thought the least I could do was turn in my reviewer's card, for I do fully believe in the validity of Graham's exalted place in history. The truth is that there was only one scene in *Clytemnestra* that lifted me out of my seat—the murder of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon returns home from war, carried triumphantly on a platform. He stands in the classic, but clichéd, heroic pose: his weight is on one leg, the weighted hip flares out slightly, the free

Eskimo Versions by Stephen Berg

These versions are based on translations collected by Knud Rasmussen in his *Across Arctic America*, an account of his ethnographic expedition through Greenland and Canada, 1921-24.

SPIRIT SONG

I walked on the ice of the sea,
seals blowing at the blowholes,
and I was amazed when I heard
the voice of the sea
and the great sighing of the ice
that had just formed.
I looked behind men and women
deep into the hidden things,
smoothing wrinkles.
My boot-thong hung loose,
and I could hear the voice say
Keep going!
a strong soul means health
at the feasting place.

SPIRIT SONG

Spirit in the sky
come down here
right away!
Bite bad luck to death.

I rise
I go up to the spirits
magician friends help me
to reach the spirits.

Child Child Child
little spirit
that can bite evil
come to us!

And spirit at the bottom of the
earth I'm calling you I
live near you on the earth.
Bite our enemies

join your brother from the sky
and each bite an eye out
of evil's face
so it can't see us!

UVAVNUK'S SONG

The sea the huge sea is making me move like this
cut off from land
moving me like the weed moves in a river

The arch of the sky the great force of storms
are moving the spirit in me
until I am carried away

a grassblade shaken and torn with joy

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leg is slightly bent. He wears a gray wig —*très distingué*. He looks like some two-bit piece of public statuary. On glides Clytemnestra encased in a red-purple robe. Two attendants hold either end of the robe, which is stiffened by steel-like trim, so that it soars above Clytemnestra like two huge sails. She steps out of her "boat" and mockingly bows before the conquering hero. He returns the mock flourishes. The red robe is spread out on the ground, and suddenly the grandeur of its color and bulk becomes as ironic as the pomp with which husband and wife great each other. Agamemnon does a show-off dance with his spear. We know by this point that spears excite Clytemnestra to violence, for we have already witnessed a scene in which the young Clytemnestra drives a stick into her groin. Her lover, Aegisthus, takes the stick and turns it into a whip—thus the basis of their love affair. Clytemnestra, now quivering with passion and the knowledge of her plan, invites Agamemnon onto the carpet. His body shows uncertainty. When she eases the spear out of Agamemnon's clutches, his body looks weaker. But still Clytemnestra must cajole and seduce. Finally she takes the sole of his foot in her hand and slowly brings it to the floor. Just before his foot touches the carpet, she lets it go. Her hand springs away, Agamemnon flicks his head to attention, there is a pause, and then—his foot

Songs of Mririda n'Ait Attik

Translated from the French by DANIEL HALPERN with PAULA PALEY

Mririda n'Aït Attik lived in the High Atlas Mountains in Morocco. Her songs, which were sung in 1920-45, were translated into French from her Berber dialect by René Euloge.

RAHALIA

I watched her from my window.
She was stirring barley porridge
With a shepherd's muddy stick.
Everyone praises her for being so clean.
Rahalia.

I watched her carry away
Laundry which wasn't hers,
Laundry drying on the bushes.
Everybody says she is very honest.
Rahalia.

I watched her strike
Her little sister so hard
That the child started bleeding.
Everybody says she is gentle and kind.
Rahalia.

I came upon her
Lying in a thicket of willows,
Her legs on the shoulders of the peddler.
Everybody says she is a virgin.
Rahalia.

When she is old,
Still sure that she can fool people,
She'll be a sly procuress.
Everybody will say she is wise and pious.
Rahalia.

And when she dies,
After her long life of shame,
The village women will praise
The virtues of their worthy sister.
Rahalia.

These kind women
Will never mention her lies and wickedness,
Which they pretended not to know about when she lived,
Because that is the way it is in this world below.
Rahalia.

GOD HASN'T MADE ROOM

My sister, you are a stranger to this place.
Why be surprised that I know nothing?
My eyes have never seen the rose,
My eyes have never seen the orange.
They say there is plenty down there
In the good country
Where people and animals and plants are never cold.
My sister, stranger from the plains,
Don't laugh at a barefoot girl from the mountains
Who dresses in coarse wool.
In our fields and pastures
God hasn't made room for the rose,
God hasn't made room for the orange.
I have never left my village and its nut trees.
I know only the holly and arbutus bush
And the leaves of green basil
That keep the mosquitos away
When I fall asleep on the terrace
On a warm summer night.

FOR THE OTHERS

The jackal dreams of his den and his cubs.
The bird dreams of his nest
And man dreams of his family
That he spends his days working for.
This is the way things are. . . .

Doesn't the tree drain the earth with its roots
And with its branches search for life,
Snuffing out life below it?

And how are we different?
Each one blows on his ear of grilled corn.
Each one turns his open hands to his face.

For me, wool to cover my back.
For me, a bone fat with rich meat.
And a small calves foot for the others, for the others.

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touches the red material. It is over. Husband and wife walk the full length of the carpet. The attendants then gather it up and hold it so that it becomes a curtain marking the entryway to the house. Cassandra now dances her forebodings (the one series of movements that does not express character or plot). Then the red curtain opens for a second, and we see Clytemnestra stab her husband. It opens again, and he is stabbed again. It opens one more time, for Cassandra's murder. The corpses and carpet are carried off in a grotesque heap, and Aegisthus and Clytemnestra celebrate by reenacting the husband-wife greeting in parody. In the middle of their blasphemous dance the Messenger of Death walks on and steps on the cloak Clytemnestra is wearing, the cloak that was worn by Agamemnon and that she has mockingly draped on her shoulders. Clytemnestra snaps around, her body showing a trace of convulsion, and faces the consequences of her deed. The curtain falls.

One evening this scene was the greatest act of storytelling I had ever seen. At a second performance it seemed no more than a brilliant conception. Graham is a brilliant director, but that is one fraction of the point. Graham ballets are about people at their highest emotional pitch. Their movement comes literally and figuratively from the gut. If the viewer does not feel a correspondingly muscular-emotional tension in his body, Graham movement becomes pale, even boring. Graham is not a great inventor of movement per se, as is her peer, Balanchine. Graham choreography is interesting to the degree that it expresses a state of mind in its fullest flower. The fact that one Agamemnon murder offered the exquisite pleasure of sitting on sticks of dynamite and another offered accomplished pageantry and use of props makes me wonder if Graham ballets are not dependent on the performers to a degree that no other theatre is. Perhaps that explains the uncomfortable distance I felt from the rest of *Clytemnestra* and many other ballets at various other times.

Clytemnestra's main source of estrangement is certainly the title character. Graham created the role for herself in 1958, when her dancing career was in its twilight. No longer having the brute strength that dancing requires, she perhaps created a character who would project herself by sheer presence, or being, instead of by movement. In a way, nondancing is the most difficult kind of dancing to do, resting as it does on mental concentration alone. Neither Mary Hinkson nor Pearl Lang has this genius for concentration, although Hinkson approached it in a performance of *Seraphic Dialogue*, which thus became an incredibly powerful and beautiful experience, and although Hinkson had enough of it in *Clytemnestra* to send the murder scene skyrocketing. Most of their dancing was peculiarly muddy and distracted. Other dancers were not muddy but, except for Yuriko Kimura's Electra, not vibrant either. Graham's choreography demands no less of its enactors, I suspect, than an almost religiously ecstatic submersion in their bodies and in the moment.

No wonder that so many dancers have had to flee Graham. But no wonder that Graham was loath to leave the stage. When asked if she prefers to be remembered as a dancer or choreographer, she implies the former. Given the assumption that dancers are a dime a dozen and choreographers a rarity, her preference seems odd. Yet this season has given insights into how crucial performance is to her work, and for the first time I understand what it must mean for Graham to watch her ballets. The real creative moment is in the dancing of the steps on the stage, not in the making of them in the rehearsal studio. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

About his *Macbett*, which is now being given at the Yale Repertory Theatre in New Haven, Ionesco writes that he spells the title "with two t's, so it wouldn't be confused with the play by Shakespeare, which I expect many people know." It is also possible that his (Ionesco's) spelling corresponds to the French pronunciation of the play's original name.

The intention of this most recent of Ionesco's pieces is, in his own words, to show "straightforward and honest revolutionaries [becoming] tyrants, dictators, assassins. . . . So it is the problem of power, ambition and action which is evil, that I am discussing in this play. All dictators become paranoiacs. The world will be peaceful only when we are no longer ruled by the state, that is, by other men. . . . Never have I written about such sinister themes with so much pleasure."

The play has nothing to do with "Watergate"! Still I fancy that some of the young people who see it in New Haven must find a parallel, as French youth undoubtedly related it to de Gaulle. I have quoted Ionesco's little "foreword" to indicate the element of quirky playfulness, a charming fuzziness of thought

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and deliberate inconsequentiality, combined with a deadpan irony, which characterize much of his writing.

Ionesco works within a narrow range of ideas. In fact, he does not care about ideas as instruments for use in the conduct or interpretation of life. His "ideas" mirror a mood or an attitude of oppressed bafflement in the face of the impenetrable mystery of existence, especially in its contemporary phases. He holds no hope of a solution, he offers no remedial source of alleviation. Instead he has given himself, in surrender, to playing games. All his plays, including *Macbett,* are comedies. Yet there is nearly always a touch of melancholy in them. The melancholy results from his resignation, his inability and unwillingness to contend with the universal dilemma. Despair takes refuge in wry jokes.

Ionesco's plays are especially notable for his feeling for farce and his theatrical inventiveness. The limited range of his themes—he commands only two or three—is compensated for by the many shapes and twists he is able to give them. His many variations always work; they surprise, arrest and amuse. Sometimes they touch us too. For Ionesco is neither petty nor malicious; his is an essentially benevolent nature. He yearns above all for freedom; he knows it isn't to be found, not, at least, in the childlike, almost infantile mode he imagines. So he spins fantasies and devises quaint yarns wrought from his sense of loss, which relieve him and in a way console us who are in a similar quandary.

Within the fun one often hears a note of anxiety. Though there is something tart and mischievous in Ionesco's humor, even at moments a touch of the macabre and frightening, the whole of his work breathes a pathos which is at the core of its subjective origin. The hard edge of the French Existentialist posture, its acid anguish, is lightened and softened in Ionesco—of Romanian birth and background—resolving itself in a colorful game consisting of tall tales for the stage. It is through a play-booth prankishness that Ionesco's theatre lives. In this realm he is a poet I find sympathetic as well as deft. He is certainly much simpler than his own or other people's explications would lead us to believe.

There is little point in listing all the ways *Macbett* transforms its Elizabethan model. It is Lady Duncan, in Ionesco's play, who tempts Macbett to murder her cowardly, imbecile husband. She and her lady-in-waiting are the weird sisters. Banco is Macbett's fellow conspirator. Fragments of the war episodes become hilarious vignettes, very close to vaudeville turns. Inflated descriptions of bloody battle which are repeated verbatim by two different "sick" characters —Glamis and Candor—produce oddly comic—quasi-Rabelaisian—effect. The banquet scene becomes a lampoon of conformity and court servility in which the participants and the king (Macbett) himself break into operatic parody. When Macbett is finally knocked off, it is Lady Duncan (now presumed to be Lady Macbett) with her accomplice, the lady-in-waiting, who do the job. Banco's son, hight Macol, replaces Macbett as ruler. He promises to be more tyrannically homicidal than any of those who have preceded him.

The Yale company—Alvin Epstein, Eugene Troobnick, Stephen Joyce in the "leads"—is well suited to the improvisatory and burlesque manner of the play. One does not mind certain crudities: after all, the show is a charade. And the director-actors—William Peters, John McAndrew and Alvin Epstein—move the play at a larkish pace and have added some good gags of their own to the text. □

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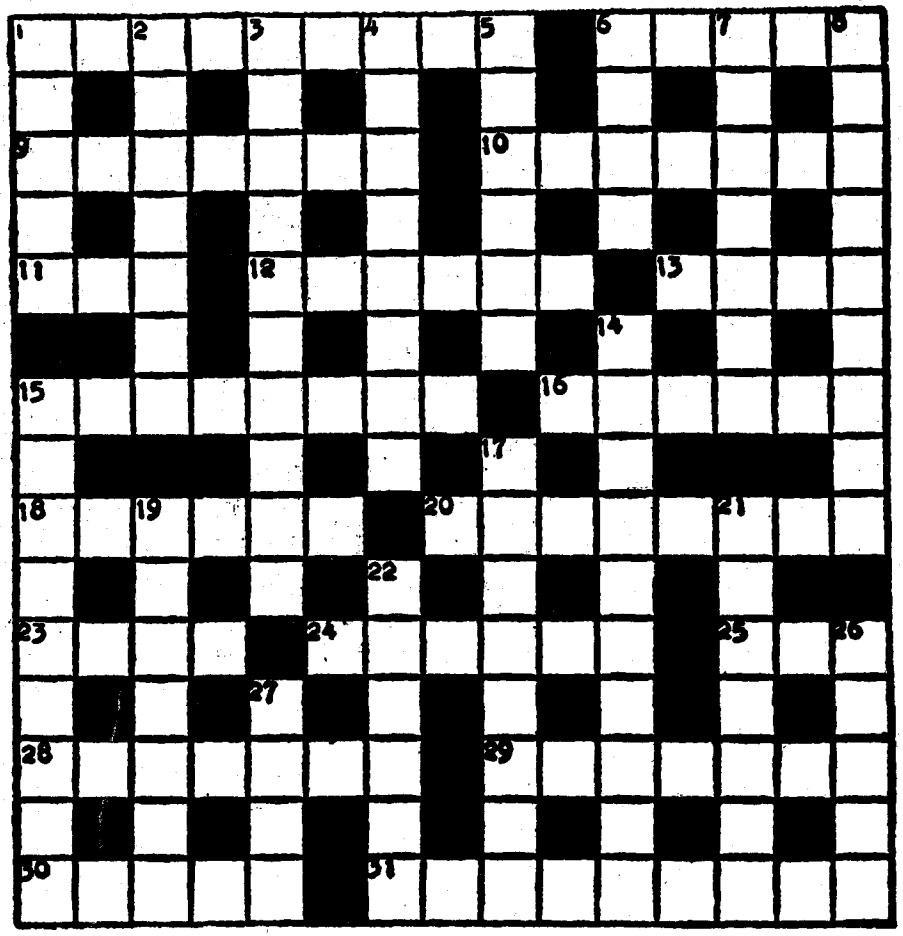

ACROSS

1 and 6 across A wealthy roué to do the job of the croupier? (4,2,3,5)
9 Isn't observed as a nude composition, when not inside. (7)
10 Indian or French reindeer. (7)
11, 20 and 27 down Evidently a big success sub-equatorially, but that's not a fair description! (3,5,3,4)
12 Not a very unselfish person, when it goes wrong. (6)
13 Block dance? (4)
15 Cue cards poorly designed for the doomed. (8)
16 "Shoot first" had wrong implications for the religious leader. (6)
18 Giving the proper prescription for entreaty to the party vocalist? (6)
23 One, for instance, might run itself therein. (4)
24 Not just brunette, perhaps. (6)
25 Such might demonstrate the beginnings of a famous whale. (3)
28 An unexplained difficulty of the machine to carry something might cause severe annoyance. (7)
29 Substitute for percale, fashionable? (7)
30 What's supposed to be the best is not yet in. (5)
31 Bobby's truncheon? (Some are urging its obsolescence.) (9)

DOWN

1 and 15 down Haphazard, and unmarbled, ought to be sorted out. (5-3-6)
2 and 22 down Marked by body motion, when cattle twitch with vigor. (7,6)
3 New "right on!" version? Not right! (2,3,5)
4 Little ones destined to graduate to jumpers? (8)
5 A tax cut, alternatively. (6)
6 Classical sea-horse? (4)
7 Bit implying the pen was dipped in blood? (7)
8 What gives you an easy elegance of manner, as you might say to the Duke? (4,5)
14 They might delineate car production, or go in the book. (10)
15 See 1 down
17 One who fixes to be the withdrawn type?
19 Beach haircut? (7)
21 Strangely, many pit players use them occasionally. (7)
22 See 2 down
26 Fortunately, announcers occasionally give us one. (5)
27 See 11 across

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ACROSS: 1 and 5 Business letter; 10 and 9 down Curtain-raiser; 11 Addenda; 12 and 26 Sweatshops; 13 Insurgent; 14 Alibi; 16 Gardenia; 19 Stagnate; 22 Reeve; 24 Raindrops; 28 Vaulted; 29 Erasers; 30 and 31 Rest on one's oars. DOWN: 1 and 23 down Back-seat driver; 2 Surge; 3 Near thing; 4 Sinking; 6 Eider; 7 Tangerine; 8 Realty; 15 Intrigues; 17 Etruscans; 18 Persists; 20 Avoids; 21 Eastern; 25 Ditto; 27 Opera.

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